

THE
DARK BLUE.


MAY, 1872.

JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.

AN IMAGINATIVE STUDY OF CREEDS.

IN SIX DIVISIONS.

DIVISION III.

 GIPSY boy peered into Israel's upturned face, opened the young Jew's shirt, laid bare the breast, and stuffed his own neckerchief into the gaping wound. The boy dashed aside a few tears, and sped away with the swiftness of a deer. Hours passed till he returned, accompanied by two men with a litter, on which Israel was placed and carried off at a smart trot, for the sky foreboded the coming morn.

On the way to Malaga, skirting the incline of an undulating hilly range, stood the Nunnery of Santa Cecilia, not far from a straggling village. Pedro, the young gipsy boy, had run on, and was furiously pulling the bell of the nunnery. The lattice was opened, and a demure face showed itself.

'Have you come?' said the face.

'Open, open; he is dying or dead.'

'Santa Maria! bring him in.'

The Jew was carried inside the gate, as it swung rustily on its hinges to receive him. Across the grassy quadrangle they bore him, just as the red morning streaks coloured the horizon, and the first Ave Maria of the nuns rose up into the aisles of the chapel.

A nun met the procession, had the wounded man, or corpse, brought into a chamber on the ground floor, had him placed on a bed, and dismissed the bearers. Pedro looked up at her and shook his head, as if he meant to say that *he* should not leave. The nun returned the

glance kindly, left the room, and came back with another sister within a few minutes. In the deftest possible way she examined the wound, listened whether the heart still gave signs of existence, applied bandages and restoratives, and sat down to await the result. The second sister took her station at the foot of the bed.

Pedro looked earnestly into the face of the elder nun, but could find no indication there what would be his protégé's fate; so he crouched down on the floor, laid his head caressingly against her lap, and sobbed out his own overcharged heart in periodical spasms of tears. The nun held Israel's hand, she had his pulse under her finger; again she used restoratives, this time stronger, and after a time shook her head. Faintly came the notes of a 'Miserere' from the chapel; faintly murmured the other nun her 'Paternoster'; the elder nun bent down again, scrutinized Israel's face, and knelt by the bedside. Pedro had fallen flat on the floor asleep; both nuns were invoking the aid of the Virgin Mother for the restoration of the wounded man, and both tremblingly counted their rosaries, heaping prayer on prayer for the stranger before them.

Determination and sagacity seemed written on the face of the elderly sister; that of the younger was so shrouded by drapery one could scarcely define its contour. Once more Israel's hand was held in the Spanish nun's; once more she bent over his still, marble face, wondering where that spiritual countenance could have come from; for Pedro's request for help had been sufficient to admit the young Jew into the nunnery of an order that knew no denial where need or want required help. Suddenly one rapid twitch of the muscles passed over Israel's features; another, a slight flutter under the nun's fingers was perceptible; stronger and stronger became the tokens of returning life, and the joy at the rescue of a fellow-creature brought single heavy tear-drops into the nun's eyes. She touched the shoulder of her sister, who knelt still praying by his side. Both redoubled their exertions, and presently saw Israel open his eyes wide, close them rapidly again, and suddenly, with a deep-drawn sigh, clutch the friendly fingers of his restorer, as if unconsciously holding fast the helping hand that had saved him.

The gentle exclamation of surprise from the nuns woke Pedro; he started up, saw that his master had life written on his countenance, and fell on his knees before the elder nun, sobbing out his thanks in broken words, and calling upon the Virgin and all the saints he could recollect to come and bless her for her miraculous cure.

'Ah, and he is a Nazarene, a true Christian. He will teach you!'

'Hush, boy; no noise; the thread of his life is very tender as yet. He is greatly exhausted.'

Pedro huddled up by the bedside every now and then, kissing the coverlets, as he would not kiss the hand that lay on it.

Six days Israel had lain in feverish throes, unconscious that Spanish nuns were nursing him tenderly, trying to hold fast his ebbing life. Six days and nights had Pedro wearily watched by the bedside, snatching odd rests of sleep on the floor. It was still doubtful whether a strong, unexhausted vitality should bear off the victory over the consequences of that dastardly attack, when one night towards morning, as if by magic, a wholesome sleep fell like beneficent dew on the sick man, and refreshed every artery of his body. Streaming with perspiration, Israel awoke as the glorious morning sun rose over southern Spain, and looked with bright clear eyes around him. There were two drowsy female figures, clad in garments he could not recognise, and there was the gipsy boy, full length on the floor, fast asleep.

Israel lay still, watching the scene, and bathing his soul in the undefined consciousness 'that he lived.' A few minutes later the nuns were bending over him with grateful hearts while Pedro performed odd antics of delight at his beloved master's recovery.

The cure went on uninterruptedly ; the abbess came once for a few moments into the room to say an earnest prayer by the bedside, blessing the sisters, who were evidently the doctors and nurses of the sick in the nunnery. At other times what restrictions were not used against the outer world ? But now human need was freer from prejudice, larger of heart, and wider of conscience, than the contracted notions of those whose faith was named after Him, who knew no bounds in His all-embracing, sympathetic love.

Scarcely restored to existence, Israel's mind began to cast up possibilities and contingencies ; eagerly his glance followed the nuns' movements ; curiously his eye skirted the walls of the vaulted room ; he became impressed by all around him. The reality of his wound, his illness, his recovery, this first positive subjection to outward facts, changed Israel Torriano from a feeling, imaginative man, into a thinking, reasoning man !

Where was he ? What was the place ? An abode of women who gave up their lives to some idea ; to which ? To be adorers of God and worshippers of His Son alone ; to eschew the outward world as far as feasible. But was this not what he had counselled Rebecca to do, and Zillah to follow ? No ! no ! no !—this, it was not what he wanted. The walls contracted his brain, the nuns' garments fluttered around him like the wings of mental death. Again, no ! no ! no !—not this he had wanted ! Had He not freely moved about, teaching under the blue sky, sitting by the wayside, resting on Olivet, skimming the Galilean lake. There was no contraction of natural feelings in Him ; and those walls, that monotonous chant, the constant prayers by the rosaries, became monstrous burdens to Israel.

One sunny morning, when Pedro's bright face relieved not the room, Israel could bear it no longer; he almost screamed in the broken Spanish he could muster:

'Take me out, out, where God's sun shines; where the birds sing, where is space, and light, and life—I am suffocating.'

The younger nun was with him; hastily she rang the bell, thinking that delirium was returning. Her elder sister flew to the room to hear again Israel's passionate exclamation.

'Quick, call the bearers, or the fever will return.'

The men, the outdoor assistants of the nuns, came and bore Israel, bed and all, into the sunny cloister-garden; here they erected a tent and placed the patient under its protecting roof.

Israel lay exhausted on the bed; near him sat his younger preserver. On a sudden he sat up and looked at her:

'What do you wear those wrappers for?'

'Our Order requires them of young sisters.'

'Does it? then it is a false Order.'

The nun said nervously her rosary.

'Come, pull them off; He never ordained them. He ordained no forms, but the inner understanding of God, and the loving of man.'

The nun continued her prayers by the rosary.

'Do you hear? Come take them off, or I shall pull them down, and try to see your face, which is beautiful.'

The nun trembled. Was there in her breast some feminine soft feeling left, that she thought it sweet to be told by her handsome sick charge, her face was beautiful.

While she trembled—while the warm blood of youth began to course quicker in her veins—Israel cut the matter short and pulled the coif and heavy veil from her head.

'There now, look at me, at the garden, and let us sing together a hymn of praise of my own Hebrew tongue to God's lovely house. But you do not know Hebrew, and I know nothing of your chants. You are crying; and, as I thought, you are very beautiful. Don't hide it again, it is a present from the Father, to be enjoyed modestly, not to be hidden from Him.'

But the nun was weeping big, heavy, tear-drops; over her soul rushed tumultuously the knowledge, that for her, life, real life, was gone, and that the best she could do, was to hide that tell-tale face again, before any other sister could notice Israel's rude demolition of observances.

Israel turned impatiently away, and began to think again. What was this heavy dark building that loomed upon him so mournfully? The dwelling-place of women who retired from the world. What for?

To pass their lives in religious and charitable observances. For the former, thought he, no gloomy house was needed ; the latter belonged to the outside world. The narrowness of the idea overpowered him ; but in Jerusalem were also such ; strange there they had not so impressed him ; his easy, roaming, abstracted life had never brought him face to face with realities there. Often his wanderings had extended for miles, and he had only returned when his father required his presence in the old house for a short space. Israel tried and tried hard to understand the why and wherefore, and he began to search as if he meant to grasp the meaning of ideal—and *real life*.

The fresh air soon did wonders ; in a few days he rose, with Pedro's help, and wandered about that part of the garden which he was allowed to visit. One evening on a particular saint's day, he was sitting in the shade of an enormous chestnut, Pedro by his side, when they were both startled by the mournful chants of the mass for the dead. The nuns seemed more solemn in their singing than ever. Israel listened attentively, and then threw himself on the grass in very agony of doubt :

'What does it all mean? what is the difference of the teaching, and the performance? I cannot understand it. I must out into the world ; away again ; there will be no rest for me till I learn to understand the world as it is called.'

There was a long consultation between the two. The same evening Israel asked for the abbess. He thanked her for all her kindness, he thanked still more the elderly nun, who had been his doctor, he thanked most the beautiful nun who had betrayed so much natural feeling when he discovered her charming face.

'Come away from here,' he whispered to her ; 'I will take you out into the world again, it is better.'

The nun trembled violently, and told many paternosters as rapidly as she could by her rosary. One tear-drop that fell on his hand was the only answer she could give ; with a chivalrous impulse he kissed it away. She turned quickly and disappeared for ever, perhaps to treasure up in her lonely cell, that last remembrance of loving human existence.

Israel and Pedro went next morning, without luggage, without the least preparation ; they declined the offer of a conveyance on the road. The abbess had heard that their patient was the richest Jew in the east, and the abbess was disappointed.

Israel Torriano left not a stiver for the foundress of the order, for the saints, or the masses for recovery even.

'A Jew,' she said deprecatingly. Israel had not thought of it, and if he had, would not have given anything. He was utterly callous to

money considerations. Still weak, leaning on a sturdy stick, Israel Torriano, with Pedro the gipsy boy, took his road to Malaga.

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Over Malaga, one of the queens of the Mediterranean, shone the glowing sun of midday, as two wanderers entered it. Steep houses and narrow streets composed the greater part of the town, but here and there a few free open spaces, on which fine buildings were reared, broke the monotony. A wide spacious port, protected now by some slight fortifications, had invited the Phœnicians to land here, had harboured the Moorish vessels for centuries, and was actually filled with export shipping of all countries. Oil, wine, dry fruits, figs, almonds, olives and lead, were sent from Malaga to north, east, and west, and this lively export-trade had created a foreign settlement of merchants, who made Malaga one of the brightest places on the coast of Spain. The molo, furnished by a lighthouse, reached far into the sea; a noble cathedral sent its spire into the azure skies—and large well-planted promenades were filled towards evening with the beauty and fashion of Malaga. Decidedly Malaga was advancing in civilisation; it had suffered many hardships with fever and earthquakes, but it had withstood them all, and lay smiling, busy, sunny, life-bringing to all who came to it in ill-health, along the Mediterranean coast.

The wanderers were tired, the elder was pale and appeared weak, but his very weakness enhanced his remarkable beauty. It seemed as if a prophetic hero of the Old Testament had stepped out of the sacred pages; there was no mistaking him, Israel Torriano was a Jew, refined, spiritualized, and eminently well-shaped; what must that ancient race have been if it could now in degenerate days furnish such a specimen of its manhood!

Israel had on the road rent a portion of his inner garment and handed Pedro some pieces of Italian gold coin.

‘Let us soon have shelter, and in a respectable place;’ he said to Pedro. How strange the word ‘respectable’ seemed; until now it had not been in Israel’s vocabulary.

They came to a large hotel near the port; looking footsore and weary, they were regarded askance. But the sight of gold, and Pedro’s oily tongue, soon explained matters; the gentleman had escaped from gipsy brigands, and could afford to pay well. Israel actually seemed to desire comfort; he chose the best rooms he could get, and stretched himself with a sense of ease on the couch opposite the glorious sea view.

‘Fetch a tailor, Pedro.’

Pedro stared. ‘Fetch a tailor, I say, and have fruits and wine brought. Tell them to bring Lagrima di Malaga, the very best.’

Pedro stood with open mouth ; his great master was becoming like other folk. Pedro did not like it.

'Don't stare, Pedro, my boy, let me do as I ask. I am going to try something. You will help me, will you not, and you shall never leave me.' It was enough for Pedro ; he came and kissed his master's hand, went and did his bidding.

Had you seen the elegant, fashionable, but simply dressed gentleman, who sat at that same window the next day, you would scarcely have believed him to be Israel Torriano, the eccentric eastern banker, so thorough was the transformation. Evidently nature meant him to be a man of mark, even among fashionables ; his bearing was faultless, his dress chosen with excellent taste, and his whole appearance showed undisguisedly a great and noble character.

Pedro was also transformed, though he would have preferred his old torn clothes. Pedro had loved his racketty life, and it seemed as if he entered bonds and fetters when he put on his new apparel and washed himself clean ; he looked so nice that he had lost half of his dare-devil charm.

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Within a week of the new outfits in Malaga, Israel Torriano and Pedro left for Bordeaux in a coasting steamer. Israel was bound for Paris. He had lived unostentatiously, but like a gentleman of fortune, the last few days. That old garment of his seemed to have been sufficiently lined by Moses with notes to last for some time. In Bordeaux Israel visited silently, as he had done in Malaga, the principal points of interest, he dived at night into most populous districts, and watched in the day the trade and commerce in the town. His mouth lost its sweetness, and was becoming hard and firm ; his eye forgot its entranced look, and became steady and determined ; his very forehead began to shine with something more than spiritual abstraction—with the strong comprehensive knowledge of what meant the life of 'man and woman on earth.'

Pedro was like a fish out of water. It was very fine to be well dressed and well fed, to have nothing to do but wait upon his master, but Pedro dreamt at night of the Gulf of Naples, and his smuggling voyages on the Mediterranean, and thought in the day of his camp life among the gipsies, of the brown heath, the wild beauty of the Andalusian tracts, and of Zillah's graceful figure. 'Poor, poor Zillah, I wonder what has become of her,' was often the burden of his fanciful meditations. He never knew whether Israel thought of her too, for Israel had become taciturn and taught no more. The first ebullition of religious enthusiasm seemed gone, or appeared to the Jewish banker of little importance now. Israel was evidently trying to learn a hard lesson.

From Bordeaux the two went by rail to Paris. Israel's attentive eye watched the districts through which they passed, and the nearer they came to the capital of France, the prouder became Israel's bearing, as if he were preparing himself for some great struggle, and nerving himself against it.

They put up at an hotel on the Boulevards, and Israel looked around him, evidently astonished at the height to which the cultivation of luxury had been brought here. He turned from it almost in disgust; but, with an immense effort, made up his mind to follow out his purpose.

Before the palace, one might call it, of the Torrianos, in Paris, stood the eastern cousin; he entered, and asked for his relative.

'Engaged,' was the answer.

'Tell him it is Israel Torriano, from Jerusalem.' Israel had not yet got as far as cards.

As if by magic the door opened before him. Israel was now overwhelmed with enquiries as to his health, journey, comforts, and present abode. He answered quietly, with the ease of a *natural* gentleman. Where in the world, thought the Parisian Torriano, was the eccentric casuist, who had been described to him by his uncle in Naples, in case he should find his way to him! This man before him might be presented to the Emperor at once, and what plans there opened in the distance on such an introduction, plans the realisation of which would materially alter some phases of European politics.

Israel had evidently learnt to become reticent on his peculiar views. He bore all this fuss patiently; felt even interested in the introduction to the Torriano family, and attacked nothing violently, but he firmly declined an invitation to reside in the house.

'You will dine with us to-night?'

'Why not dine in the day?' Impulse was too strong, Israel had made a slip in asking this question.

'Oh, you will soon get used to our more civilised western ways. You must forget your eastern rambles, and live among us for a while.' And then followed a string of recommendations as to what Israel should do, or should not do, that sent the hot blood of anger to his heart. Israel again restrained himself and left, having promised to dine in the evening with his cousin, who would fain have dogged his footsteps to lose no trace of him, and who finally made up his mind *to dog* his footsteps.

Before Israel opened Paris, Imperial Paris! Beautiful Lutetia, the smiling, courting, caressing, tantalizing, seductive dame of the European world, also courted Israel; she received him nonchalantly, her hair down, her morning robe half fastened, her virtues displayed, and vices hidden; her graces conspicuous, her faults in ambush; her whole frame quivering with selfish, *insouciant*e desires, telling the world and Israel

that there existed only one Paris, one Lutetia, and that she was the devotee of passionless delights, and the very goddess whose temple held the key to irresponsible pleasures ! Israel saw her, saw her beauty, felt for moments attracted by her grace, but again violently repulsed by her misery, Israel had to run from her, to rush into the suburbs, to gather up his thoughts, and remember that he must not fall because Lutetia was seductive and very beautiful. A beauty she had all her own, not classical, not grand, not powerful, not pure, but lingering, tempting, derisive of scruple, outwardly formal and elegant, inwardly loose and slipshod. Lutetia, Lutetia, thou wert the very tempting Eve of a fallen Adam. Did Adam resist in Israel ? Yes, stoutly ; Israel roving about small gardens and pretty bosquets, constrained his will, and met Lutetia and her charms firmly face to face

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The dinner was prepared ; the state rooms of Torriano Palace were opened ; the display of gilt plate was enormous, the scent of the viands delicious and aromatic ; all was the result of the very essence of material civilisation, and the company to grace the feast was equal to it. Rich, high-born, some, graceful, even dignified, but above all, easy ; not an awkward angle to be seen, not a wrinkle to be scanned, not a loud word, or a brusque gesture to be remarked ! Ah, it was humanity refined, smoothed, and brought on a level with its material civilisation. Israel was announced, Israel entered ; a sensation for once ; an eastern monarch, in pocket a modern Cræsus, young, ravishingly handsome, so handsome that some ladies' eyes fell abashed at the sight of so much manly beauty.

The plain evening dress became Israel ; his symmetrical shape showed well in it, and the dazzling whiteness of his linen marked boldly against his bronzed skin. Any one could have seen that Israel was not one with the company, not that he was below it, but that he was above it.

The host introduced him to a Countess, whose type was modern Imperialism ; her beauty and her dress fitted so close, harmonised so exceedingly, that one imagined a divinity formed by the hands of a Parisian man-milliner had stepped from her pedestal to grace this human feast. Some smiled, for the Countess was a Parisian star. 'What a couple,' said others. 'How charming ; it is like a sight of Olympus to have such handsome people near one,' exclaimed more in an undertone. In effect, Israel and the Countess were becoming the cynosure of many eyes, male and female. The Count was away, gracing some other feast at a small villa, with Madlle. Valatour and charming Signora Biancha on either side, a very god among the goddesses. 'Sa légitime' troubled him not much ; he would pay for that delightful dress, would send a stately carriage for her, believed that she was in

excellent society making terms with the head of the house for a new loan. What more? They were, both husband and wife, fulfilling their vocations according to the rules of polite society.

Israel and the Countess sat next each other during dinner, he polite, but unimpassioned, she for once a little nervous. It was such a strange sensation to sit next to this unique Eastern Jew, who had other thoughts than Parisian ones, who said boldly what he meant, who ate and drank so sparingly, and cast around him such a peculiar atmosphere of ideality, that the pretty Countess felt a twinge at her heart for all her frivolity.

'What a grand thing to love such a man!' thought the Countess. 'Would women be different if there *were* such men?' But *spirituelle* as the Countess was, her ideas soon got into a haze what side should begin first to get upright, honest, and truthful again. No, no; it would be too much; it would be '*inconvenient*;' better to go on in the old merry way, to love and be loved in infinitesimal doses, with small excitements, little heart-flutterings *et les délices sociales de l'amour*!

An exquisite banquet-room; delicious viands and fruits, artificial and natural; the subdued lights of hundreds of shrouded wax candles; the low-toned chatter of fashionable men and women; the soft rustling of silky robes; the courteous repartees of good society,—all these elements combined to make a feast of the modern school of Lucullus; senses strong and sound, even like those of Israel, might here become numbed with the essence of refined materialism; and slowly might the poison of sensualism have crept into the moral veins of the most self-dependent man. Before Israel Torriano, however, these influences fell to the ground like the over-ripe fruit of a foreign tree; its unwholesome odour touched scarcely his nervous system. The beautiful, the really charming Countess exerted her powers sparingly; her neighbour began to overwhelm her with his moral grandeur; she felt a little disconcerted, and laughed nervously at the sallies of her *vis-à-vis*, an *attaché* of the British Embassy and a dandy of the purest water.

The poor Countess thought she would try religious conversation with Israel.

'Ah, Monsieur, vous êtes Juif, and you have not cared for the happiness to see the place where our blessed Virgin Mary beheld her son for the last time; how *I* should have liked to roam about Jerusalem!'

Israel stared. 'Madam, my feet have touched those spots, but I should not have mentioned them here.'

'You think us frivolous, irreligious, je ne sais pas quoi; mon Dieu! le monde le veut. If it became fashionable here, we should all be making pilgrimages, with sandaled feet, to the holy shrine. Que ce serait joli; only it might hinder ladies who had not small feet, however earnest their faith would be;' and the Countess smiled graciously at Israel.

‘Whatever feet touch that ground, it is sacrilege unless they tread it with reverence.’

‘Eh bien, c’est vrai ; mais voyez, monsieur ; toute place a son intérêt. I might get up earnestness enough, for I have been in my childhood dedicated to the Virgin ; my mother, Madame la Marquise, made me wear white and blue on that account during my whole childhood, and I have always had an *entraînement* that way ; but *les dames en France* would prefer their own corner in their chapel before their own image, with their own confessor to show them the way to heaven.’ The Countess thought herself a model of goodness to enter into such a serious conversation.

‘And this you call your Christian religion, Madam ; then I pity the French ladies.’

‘Oh no, don’t ; we are really very good, very catholic. Mon Dieu ! we pay no end for wax candles at the shrine of the Virgin, and give much to the saints. We all attend fashionable masses ; ça purifie. On sait on a fait son devoir.’

Israel’s smattering of French just made him catch the sense of these words.

‘On sait on a fait son devoir ; Madame, je vous prie, n’en parlons plus.’

The Countess was astounded. Dear me, was she not yet serious enough ?

The dinner was over. Ladies and gentlemen rose at the same time, and were conducted to an immense *salon*, that received them as the fairy-chambers in the *Arabian Nights*. Murmuring showers of scented waters met the ear ; the floral richness of the tropics was displayed in the spacious conservatories ; delicately-tinted frescoes looked down upon their admirers ; downy carpets dulled every step, and sumptuous hangings were applied in profusion. One might here be wrapped round with luxurious repletion, and forget all but that most important item of our civilisation—selfish indulgence obtainable to any extent !

The Countess had a magnificent voice, and was a trained singer. Such, in really good society, was rare : who should take the trouble to study like professionals ? But it was difficult to move Madame la Comtesse to sing in company, and after dinner too. The Countess, however, had her intentions, and delicately managed to be asked to sing. ‘Now would be her triumph over that cold Apollo,’ thought she. After some hesitation she approached the piano : no, she preferred the accompaniment of the guitar, and would play it herself.

On a scarlet ottoman, against which her pale sea-green dress fell in graceful folds, she sat, this Parisian divinity, looking, in the eyes of her admirers, the very picture of a modern Venus. The Countess chose well ; no *bravura aria* from Italian Operas, no classical inspiration of the Ger-

man school, but an exquisite French song of Béranger's; simple, but telling, telling of pure and noble feelings, and telling of them in the graceful verse of the French tongue. How those delightful, expressive French *chansons* are neglected;—much that is lost in the nation is here embedded in immortal verse! The Countess had reckoned rightly. Israel drew near; he stood behind her; he drank in those clear, artistic notes; he seemed to understand their meaning. It went like crystal water from one human heart-fountain to another: was the one fountain poisoned, and would the poison communicate itself to the other?

Another chanson, a third, freer, more impassioned, deeper in meaning, wider in thought. The voice rose and fell with it; it vibrated on Israel's heart-strings. What the Spanish nuns had not accomplished by their solemn chants and masses, that the French Countess did with her national songs; Israel was thoroughly moved. His chest expanded, his whole nature was roused by undefined longing emotions, and his great full eye dilated with seeing power. The mighty song was conquering him; he was bending over, when his glance caught the simpering expression on the faces of the men present, and the jealous shade on the countenances of the women; it recalled him to where he was. The divine inspiration passed—ah, it was a Parisian *salon*, and a Parisian fashionable multitude that graced it, nothing more. Israel stood before the Countess and bent low.

'Je vous remercie bien, Madame, c'était beau;' he said, in his rough French.

Once again he bowed, once more to the rest, and he was gone from the room, and speedily from the house.

'C'est un Joseph, ma chère;' said a friend to the Countess.

She bit her lip till it pained her, and scarcely hid the bitter tear-drops that welled up to her eyes.

'Mon Dieu, il est sauvage; difficile d'en faire un homme civilisé! Il y en a assez ici.'

Soon after the carriage of the Countess was announced, and she departed among showers of compliments—nursing her grief.

When Israel came to his hotel he found Pedro huddled up on the floor, crying.

'What is the matter, Pedro?'

'Oh, maestro, I love you, I adore you; but I hate this place. I cannot speak French, only a few words, and the people are not like my own. The noise and the flutter, and the worry all day—oh, my beautiful Spain, my lovely Naples, and my dear sister Zillah! Maestro, I must go back!

'Go, Pedro; I force no one to follow me.'

'Oh, no; I did not mean it; but shall we never see Zillah again? Poor girl, in the hands of that wild man.'

'She is in better hands than his ; perhaps we shall see her one day.'

'Grazia, grazia, maestro ; I shall be your slave.'

And now Pedro began volubly to recount his adventures in the "Faubourg St. Antoine ;" the misery he had seen ; the dirty women and the lazy, quarrelsome men ; the turbulent children, the poverty-stricken bone pickers, the slouching thieves, the dandified chevaliers d'industrie.

'I knew them, maestro ; they cannot hide from me. A look tells me who is an honest man. But, maestro, this place is very fine and very beautiful, and very bad and very wicked, all the same. It is worse than Naples, it is far worse than the gipsies. To-day a French girl kissed me, and I knew she said I had fine black eyes and a soft skin ; now, the Italian girls would not be so rough, and Zillah was always tender and modest. Oh, maestro, I want Zillah and the beautiful wide fields ; I don't like towns. Does God wish men to gather all up into large towns and get wicked ?'

'Pedro, gipsy boy as you are, eastern Jew as I am, you and I have to learn much. Perhaps it had been better we had remained ignorant, like the children of light.'

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The morning after the dinner-party, Monsieur le Comte and Madame la Comtesse had an amicable and private conjugal interview. Monsieur stood against the finely-chiselled marble mantelpiece in Madame's boudoir ; Madame sat in a *bergère*, charmingly dressed in the newest morning toilette.

'Eh, bien, mon amie !' said the Count ; 'so this great eastern cousin of Torriano's has come. Will he, like the old man his father, go on 'Change and turn our specs a little topsy-turvy ?'

'Non, assurement non.'

'He—m. Will he take up the poor, with a charitable disposition ?'

'Non, certainement non.'

'Will he be presented to the Emperor, and do his business that way ?'

'Non, non, non ; je te dis non.'

'Que diable va-t-il faire avec son argent ? Un Juif doit faire quelque chose avec son argent. Cet homme est superbement riche.'

'Faire ! faire avec son argent ! Je crois rien. C'est un enthousiast, un rêveur.'

'Un fou. Vous voulez dire, Madame.' Monsieur considered for a few minutes. 'Torriano, vous a-t-il parlé de ma petite affaire de cent mille francs, Madame ?'

'Non, pas un mot.'

'C'est dangereux.'

Madame hesitated.

'Pourquoi ?'

‘Pourquoi, Madame ! C’est bien dire pourquoi. He has my acceptance, due in two days, my word of honour it shall be met. I owe him a sum besides, that would sell up every stick of ours, et vous demandez pourquoi ? Marguerite,’—whenever Monsieur wanted to gain a point with his spouse he called her Marguerite,—‘as-tu fait de ton mieux ? Si Torriano ne t’a pas parlé de cet argent, c’est que tu l’ais rendu jaloux.’

‘François, tu es un misérable. Je n’ai rien plus à faire avec ton argent. Va t’en avec tes affaires. Je suis ta femme, mais pas ton esclave.’

‘Ma chère, je connais tout cela. Tu as fait des yeux au rêveur, et moi, je dois payer les cent mille livres à Torriano en consequence. Entends-tu, ma chère. You will invite le rêveur pour demain soir. Petit dîner, affaire d’hommes ; tu recevra le rêveur après, and we shall have a little game at cards. Entends-tu, ma chère ?’

‘Tu te trompes. Il viendra, and will not bite.’

‘Nous verrons.’

After this amiable conversation, Madame la Comtesse, dressed in outdoor costume, went for a drive in the ‘Bois,’ accompanied by her little niece of ten. Madame had hopes that here the *rêveur* might be met ; she was right. In one of the secluded parts, two figures were seen, one unmistakably Israel, the other a sturdy boy. Madame got out, and went towards them ; the salutation was polite, nothing more.

Israel was stiff ; his soul seemed hanging by tormenting threads while he was with this woman ; he began to be afraid of her. She invited him by her husband’s wish, she said, to a little domestic dinner ; some men of rank would be there, who would be useful to him in Paris.

‘Men of rank ! What men of rank ? Useful to me ? No, Madame ; nothing can be useful to me in Paris but the power of my own perception, and that is showing me more than I want to see.’

‘But Paris is the queen of cities, and very enticing.’

‘For whom ? Not for me ; I see no beauty above when there is dirt beneath.’

‘On ne le regarde pas.’

‘Why not ?’

‘It is not of our kind.’

‘Ah, Madame ! c’est affreux ; not of our kind ? And you address the Virgin ; you are a Christian lady, and go treading on the foul excrescence of the humanity you have helped to form, so that you may hoist yourself up in fancied superiority on its certain misery. Madame, Madame, so much beauty as *you* possess, and so much grace, should not be wasted on the demoralisation of a coterie. I know little of Paris, little of the world ; but I begin to see intuitively that here human life is lost in false civilisation. Pardon me ; I thought I was getting more guarded ; I believed I was overcoming this propensity to say what

I mean. But female beauty always seems to draw me on, in trying to show it its divine mission on earth. Madame, I believe that God made beautiful women to be angels on earth—and that they may often be devils.'

With flaming eyes Israel stood before the Countess; a flower from her hand had fallen at his feet, while she stood in charming confusion opposite him; it was not picked up. His strong feelings had given him eloquence in this foreign tongue, of which he had but known little as yet. Israel learnt language with astounding rapidity; with him feeling and expression were in the closest union.

Israel's exhortation had fallen on stony ground. Vanity was satisfied, he had called her beautiful, he had called her graceful; this man could then be moved! Her thoughts centred round these ideas—Madame la Comtesse was too far gone, she was capable of no more than the gratification of female vanity, and through it lost the right thread of reasoning.

Israel Torriano was *not* moved; he became tranquil, asked Madame to hand her to her carriage. as he must move on, but promised to come to the dinner the next evening.

'He *will* come,' said the Countess to herself, astonished at his sudden composure. 'Nous verrons,' and she smiled divinely, as she drove on, at the *attaché*, who passed her at that moment. Nous verrons, if we cannot make a further breach in the fortress.

* * * * *

Into what corners did Israel and Pedro not dive and creep that night? On the heights of Montmartre he sat, mourning the beautiful city; over Belleville he roamed searching into its workman's wants; at the Morgue he knocked and saw the bared victims of a Christian government; into cabarets, cheap dining-places, absinthe shops, old clothes' quarters, thieves' corners he went, carrying with him everywhere the picture of that beautiful palace of the Torrianos.

On 'Change' he stood, watching from behind a pillar the mad raving for gold—he had no heart to visit the fine places, he saw enough of them outside; it was inside he looked, and poor Israel Torriano wept tears of blood as he marked that struggling, starving, undeveloped mass of humanity, skimmed over by superficial finery. Most of all he grieved at the churches; the beautiful graceful Madeleine seemed to him raised in mockery, for he could not understand the worship within; the kneeling figures, the Latin responses, the business-like movements of the priests and choristers.

'This is not Christ,' he exclaimed. For he remembered the words of the Countess. The response might have come from the aisles of the church—no, it is not religion, it is a '*culte*.'

* * * * *

Israel had come to the Count's dinner, who had left a card at the Hotel of the Boulevard. The Paris cousin was disgusted with Israel, whom he could persuade into no speculations, into no undertakings, who would not be presented to the Emperor and the grandees, but went about eccentrically, studying the people, as if there was anything to study. 'C'est le peuple.' That's enough. But Israel remembered Him who had gone about among the people.

The Count *was* a gentleman, in the general acceptation of the word. His manners were faultless, unobtrusive and conciliating; two ugly features were in his face—a sensual chin and a sarcastic mouth. To him all was meat that came to feed his overweening selfishness; father, mother, sister, brother, wife and child were nothing compared to the gratification of a passing desire—lawful or unlawful.

Israel had received in the course of the day a small scented note:—

'Madame la Comtesse de Montferil recevra Monsieur Israel Torriano ce soir, dans son petit salon.'

Israel read the note, and put it in his pocket; it passed from his memory.

He went to dinner with an inward determination to see one more phase of fashionable Parisian life; life among the men that composed it.

The dinner was short, crisp, and delightful; the wines perfect, the manners exquisite, the cooking *récherché* and the conversation elegantly slangy. Israel remained almost silent; 'all the better,' thought the Count. Madame will catch him in her meshes, and I shall have an easy draught of fishes.

After dinner, Monsieur led Israel himself to Madame's salon, remained a few moments, and then withdrew, under protest that he must play host in the smoking-room, and that he would expect Monsieur Torriano there in due time.

She blushed, that adorable Countess; she knew she was a catspaw for gambling purposes, and she would not have objected to play a long, may be a lasting game, with her prey. She had become interested in her 'sauvage' friend, and entered into the matter with full spirit.

Dressed in a plain white evening dress; no ornament in her rich hair, she received her visitor blushing, timid, and reserved.

'Vous avez l'air triste, Monsieur?'

'No, I merely feel depressed in towns; I could not live long in them.'

'But it is the only life worth having.'

'To you, not to me; I enjoy space. I have no faith in our modern congregations of millions; the land is there for us to dwell in, and I believe too much centralisation is a mistake.'

'Ah, you talk politics; we French women, du bon ton, don't indulge in it; it makes one ugly and serious.'

‘And are you never serious?’

‘When my husband is stingy, or my maid tiresome.’

The Countess looked as innocent as a child.

‘Madame, I may never see you again; sing me that song again.’

‘Not see you again? Oh, Monsieur.’

‘Please sing me that song.’

She thought she had better comply, and took her guitar; but the words came timidly at first, stronger afterwards, stronger still, till they melted away in a few low-toned notes.

Before the Countess stood Israel Torriano. ‘Merci, I shall now go to your husband’s smoking-room. Forgive me this trouble, and remember my words of the other day; a beautiful form, a magnificent voice, and the devil lurking behind. Cast him out, as they did of old; cast him forth, and return to the memory of early innocence, that must have been yours some day. Madame, I will send an answer to your note to-morrow.’

The Countess was prepared for much—not for all this; she heard him leave the room; smothered her face in the cushions, and sobbed for a few moments; then she ensconced herself in her softest easy chair, and took one of Eugène Sue’s novels to forget the whole affair.

* * * * *

Israel Torriano found his way to the smoking-room, as it was called, in the residence of the Count; he started back at the sight it presented. Supreme and effective elegance pervaded every corner; mirrors surrounded it; on one side a tempting buffet, charged with every dainty, wines, and fruits; on the other, a table round which the guests of the dinner were nonchalantly sitting with cards in their hands. Heavy candelabra stood on the table; couches were fixed round the room; damask curtains hid every ray of dusky light from without. The Count started as Israel entered; it was rather too soon; so the bait had not taken, and Israel was not enamoured of the Countess. Well, he must make the best of it. The men were somewhat confused; there was something in Israel that precluded familiarity.

He was asked to play. ‘Thank you, I do not even know the names of the cards.’

‘We will teach you.’

‘Very well.’

The Count thought his star was in the ascendant.

They sat by the table at *écarté*. Sums, fabulous sums, went round. The double door was closed; all sounds were hushed; only the tick of a clock and the anxious breath of some loser could be heard. Silence reigned in the room, the *still* silence of suspense. One man attracted Israel’s attention,—a young fellow of about twenty-two, with an angelic

expression of countenance, on the verge of utter demoralising dissipation. The young man was almost too pretty; his countenance bore the strong marks of indecision. He played madly; evidently he meant to win; certainly he lost. Israel soon became sure of his game. His natural sagacity was astounding; it seemed as if some unimpaired power worked in him. He won, won largely, won tremendously, and drove the men around him to desperation.

The buffet was resorted to; wine was taken, not niggardly, but plentifully; countenances became excited; blood was stirred, and tempers could no longer be restrained. The pretty young man became desperate; he went on, and on, and on. 'I *must* win,' he said under his breath, 'or all is lost.' Round again went the cards. The Count's face became very ugly; Israel's very stern; those of the other men desperate, desponding, or merely excited, as their share of the losses happened to be. Still Israel won; still the fair young man lost. One more game, and dice were fetched. The matter became mad now. Within half an hour moneys had changed in that closely-shut room of a nobleman's house that would have astonished the richest bankers. Israel had been their temptation; Israel proved their fall. Suddenly the fair young man groaned 'I am lost now! all is gone! dishonour stares me in the face! The money of others is gone, gone, gone! I and mine are lost!'

'Stupid driveller!' said the Count. 'We are men; don't use such language here. If you are lost, blow your brains out, and there is an end.'

'So I will. Ah! pauvre Elise, tu l'as dit;' and the young man hung his head over the back of the chair in utter despondency.

'Look here: you must leave, if this goes on,' said the Count sneeringly.

'Leave? What for? They are lost. She is gone. I am a wretch.'

'Go; here is a pistol for a present.' There was a crash. Israel rose like a towering prophetic hero of old. He took hold with one hand of the young man, kicked with his foot the table and sent it off on the ground. A candelabra lay on the floor, heaps of gold rolled about, and the men sprung up in astonishment. One, thinking Israel might be a spy and the Count not know it, took out a pocket pistol, and held it at him.

'Put that up, my friend; who am I, to fear you? Ah! Monsieur le Comte, you invited me to pluck me, and I have turned the tables on you. You have not got the Torriano money; rather than have witnessed this scene to-night, I would have given you every farthing of it. And you are Christians—Christians; there is not one of you who would dare to stand up and say that he would deny that name. Then, you are cowards and liars; you have no right to that glorious appellation. Call

yourself what you will I do not care, but do not hide your sins under a cloak that fits you not. And this is your boasted industrial civilisation! How many thousand hands had to be put in motion, how many hundreds of trades half starved, before this room could be furnished for a human hell, this house for the purposes of harbouring impurity of all kind! Yes, Count; little as I know, I saw at last through your plans. But Israel Torriano, the eastern Jew, knows more of Christianity than you, and knows it to represent brave men and pure women. What! mention His name? No wonder modern Christianity is derided. You have sullied it with the loathsome images of your own selfishness, and there is no one to call you to account. Take your trash. Young man, come with me; open this door, or I——.' The Count opened the door; he was *white*, and his face boded no good. Israel dragged the forlorn gamester with him out of the house.

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The next day a letter was addressed to the Countess of Montferil, containing 100,000 francs, in answer to her note to Monsieur Israel Torriano, and for that delightful song.

[*To be continued.*]

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH AND THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

BY THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL DESART.

AN article by Mr. Goldwin Smith in 'The Fortnightly Review' for last March, entitled 'The Aim of Reform,' has the merit, if not of novelty, at least of audacity and historical invention. It may be a question whether such attacks as these, which, like an overcharged gun, fail to harm from their very violence, are worthy of a reply; but, though the wildest man in England may say what he pleases of our institutions without much notice, still, when that man occupies an important position in an American University, it is at least his due not to be met with the superlative of contempt, silence. In the remarks following, we presuppose in the reader an acquaintance with the 'Fortnightly' article, as to quote more fully from it than we do, would occupy too much space.

Mr. Goldwin Smith so strongly exemplifies the truth of the scriptural curse, that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, that we must premise our determination not to follow him through those historical retrospects—their haze dispelled by the flashes of his anathema—by which he seeks to prove the utter depravity and harmfulness of our present House of Lords. We cannot see that a man's judgment or vote need be the worse for his ancestor having been 'a satellite of Henry VIII., or a minion of James I.,' or even 'a knave and sycophant, steeped in public rapine and judicial murder;' although there may be some doubt on the subject on which Mr. Smith almost exhausts his vituperative rhetoric. And we are quite sure that though you may prove to demonstration that a thing was bad a hundred years ago, it is not to be taken as thereby proved that it is bad now.

Mr. Smith is a student of history, and, like many or most of such, has formed very violent historical opinions; but interesting as it may be to hear from so good an authority, 'that the serf owning aristocracy,'

found a grave in the Wars of the Roses : or that Charles II. kept a 'harem,' it is of no practical value in determining whether the constitution of this country at the present time should be, and would be benefited by being, altered to the extent of the loss of the upper House of Parliament.

Dismissing therefore that part of his argument—which is no argument—that attempts to deduce from the past, we pass to the practical portion of Mr. Smith's essay, which deals with the present, at once.

And, commencing at the very beginning of his article, we ask him, and we ask all radical agitators, what they mean by that omnipresent phrase, 'the popular party ?'

At the commencement of this Parliament, when, returning triumphant from the hustings, big with the Irish bills of 'justice,' Mr. Gladstone and his party were designated as the saviours of the State, even Mr. Smith and his friends cannot deny that they then emphatically belonged to what is usually termed the 'popular party ;' meaning by that phrase the majority of the people. But now, although they still enjoy a majority (dwindled it is true, as so large a majority must have dwindled, but still a majority) of voices in the people's House of Parliament, we are told, as a fact so patent as not to be worth supporting by any proof, that they no longer are of that 'popular party.' But who is to say which is the party which has become unpopular—Mr. Smith's or Mr. Gladstone's ? And what proof beyond mere assertion have we that because the latter has set bounds to his desire for change—for reform, if Mr. Smith prefers the word—that he thereby loses his popularity, and becomes an enemy to the people, merely because he becomes an enemy to the revolutionary portion of the people. The majority of the people are electors, and the majority of their representatives in the House of Commons are in favour of Mr. Gladstone's Government. Until all that is changed : until the people by their votes distinctly show that they prefer to be governed by those men who follow the lead of Sir C. Dilke, or of Mr. Disraeli, in Heaven's name what, if there lies any meaning in words, what is the popular party, except the party of Mr. Gladstone ? Every irreconcilable believes his own following to be the whole country, although the odds were Lombard Street to an orange against him, and perhaps words are wasted on such a comfortable, harmlessly vain belief.

As to that 'class government,' which revolutionary writers are so fond of inveighing against, it is, in the present state of the franchise (as enlarged by the conservatives), a simple impossibility, and its impossibility is the very thing that so enrages those men, who, with a firm belief in, almost a worship of, their own plans and projects, wear by the 'nation,' whose cause they plead, and can only obtain

the following of one small class of that nation ; the discontented. A want of American feeling, a want of restlessness, or of something mysterious, still keeps the body of the nation in the besotted belief that education and culture may fit a man better for legislating than even manual labour, and it will take oceans of republican ink, and thousands of agitators' orations before a sensible working man can be persuaded that he is in any way more fit to legislate because he carries a spade; or that he would not be more able to grapple with the intricacies and difficulties of legislation, if he knew a little more of logic than of ploughing.

Of course the retort will be : but why should he not receive the same education as those erroneously called his betters ? The answer is simple : he has not received it. A new generation may no doubt have advantages which have been denied to him, and the right road towards such a desirable consummation has been taken. But the unfortunate thing is, that the great difference between that dreadful animal, a gentleman, and that nobleman of nature, an artisan, lies in this very education ; and the ploughman's son, who has profited by sound and broad teaching, rises above his class as a matter of course, and is then, by the law of republican nature, no longer one of 'the people,' no longer a happy member of the 'popular party.'

As to 'class alliances with a privileged church,' that do half the mischief in keeping the popular party down, we can only ask Mr. Smith to come across the Atlantic again for a short time, and visit a few (or as many as he pleases) of the rural parishes in England. Unless we are much mistaken he will find there that the rector (the narrow minded, grasping, aristocratic, dishonest, bigoted rector) is usually much more a friend of the labourer than of the lord or squire, with whom he and his wife and daughters dine at stated intervals. And when Mr. Smith has seen enough of the country, let him visit a few of our large towns ; let him go to the East End of London, and he will find that one of the privileges of our pampered clergy is to work amongst dirt, misery, and disease, as not one of the working classes know how to work, and for about the same remuneration as a first-class artisan. If the names of those noble clergymen who have dropped out of the army of well-doing, exhausted with toil, killed by some disease they have boldly faced, into unknown graves, were only kept in that honour which is their due ; if it were not their fate to be utterly ignored when their good work was done ; there would be no opportunity for such men as Mr. Smith to come forward with sweeping vilifications of their cloth. Nay, he would himself honour them ; and though they stood in the way of his best and newest plan of government, would pass them silently by.

He speaks of patriotism, but what does he mean by it ? Loyalty to

himself; to his own idea of the 'popular party;' to the interests of one class—the Republicans.

He of course will tell us that it is loyalty to the nation at large; but the nation is not a thing of itself, it is composed of classes, and if these classes are, and must be, as he says, in antagonism one towards another, he can only be patriotic towards a part of the nation. If, however, this antagonism does not exist (and it does not *naturally*, though it can be stirred up by designing men), then patriotism should be devoted to preventing its development, as, in these days of general education, the harm of a civil war, or of a violent revolution, whatever the object, must be far greater than its good.

Look at America—at the state of things in the conquered Southern States—the absence of all protection to life there; the Ku-Klux-Klan; the terrorism, the lawlessness, the corruption. Look at the taxation of the United States; look at the Erie Ring Tammany frauds. Remember the pleasant incident in New York not long ago, when the military actually fired at and killed many of a crowd in the streets; remember the shameless abuse which the highest American statesmen are not too honest to pour upon this country for the sake of the Irish vote. Contrast the Alabama Claims with the sale of arms to the French in the late war; and then read Mr. Goldwin Smith, 'Who can be in contact with it (the American Constitution) without feeling the immense moral force it has from being thoroughly national!!'

We are further shown our inferiority to our Transatlantic cousins by our treatment of Mr. Lowe's shameful and ridiculous match tax. The Americans would have borne it (and do bear it) patiently. Yes, forsooth! so they would; and so they do bear the trafficking in honour, the rowdyism, the duelling, the horrible immorality of their chief city,¹ the discomfort of their travelling arrangements, the shame of their Free Love Sisterhoods, and many other such things which disgrace their country; because there exists with them no public opinion whatever. No single newspaper in the Union has the smallest power to remedy abuses or rebuke dishonesty (and to do them justice, some of them do sometimes try), because no single person in the Union reading any article of the kind would believe that it was written for anything but some sinister purpose conducive to the interest of the writer. And this is the nation which is held up to us as a model on which to form ourselves!

Mr. Smith's intense hatred of the House of Lords sometimes seems to outrun his discretion. Not only are many of his statements not strictly consistent with truth, but they are unconsciously contradicted in other places. For instance, he asserts that the Reform Bill of 1832 was 'extorted by the threat of civil war;' and owns a few pages further on that the

¹ The quacks who procure abortion advertise largely and thrive greatly in New York.

resistance of the Lords was 'overcome by the threat of a swamping creation of peers,' which, although no doubt a dangerous wrench to the constitution, does not constitute a civil war. Again, we are told in one part of his paper that the members of the Upper House are 'fast young men of twenty-one,' and soon afterwards he talks about their 'elderly and opulent forms arrayed in purple velvet cloaks and white satin tights.' How a 'fast young man of twenty-one' can have an 'elderly and opulent form,' however arrayed, is a mystery. No doubt it is another of the bloated privileges; but Mr. Smith is like the victim in the old flogging story: hit high or hit low, there is no pleasing him. And he is equally angry with the age of peers, be it old or young. Of course there are no peers of middle age; nothing cutting can be said about middle-aged legislators; they can neither be 'brainless boys' nor 'senile debauchees.' Mr. Smith asks what gave us the two Irish measures of 'justice,' and replies 'Fenianism;' to which we answer that Fenianism never troubled itself about the Church Act; and indeed, if Fenianism did trouble itself at all with religious matters, it would probably have gone against the Roman Catholic priests, as it discerns shrewdly enough what Mr. Smith fails to see—that religion and socialism (which Fenianism is) are, and must ever be, deadly foes. And it was not Fenianism that gave us the Land Bill: it was the 'popular party' making an attempt to become still more popular; it was a small piece of that very same feeling that makes American statesmen say anything against this country for the Irish vote. Mr. Gladstone simply did an unjust thing as a political manœuvre, and it failed, as such dishonesty must fail with us, as yet.

We must refuse to follow Mr. Smith in his eloquent historical retrospects; for, as we have remarked, you may prove as completely as possible that the Upper House was once corrupt, but it will not make anyone believe it to be corrupt now. It is a terrible thing, no doubt, to think that any persons should have been so wicked as he says they were, and may be humiliating to their descendants; but it may be remarked that certain times when the 'oligarchy' have been immensely powerful have been times when this country has been immensely powerful too; and we do not find in this essay any attempt to prove that the pernicious influence of the Lords has ever done anything towards lowering the position, dignity, or power of England in the community of nations.

'The Bishops . . . are snubbed whenever they presume to take part in general debate.' Such an assertion as this could only be made by a man living far from this country, and perhaps not having time to read the reports of our Parliamentary debates. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishops of Winchester, Peterborough (two of the most eloquent men in the House), Ripon, and London, would be astonished to hear that the attention which their remarks command,

and the cheers that attend them, are only in truth snubbings administered to them because they are not hereditary peers ! And equally astonished would the millions of people who lined the streets on the occasion of the general thanksgiving be to hear their enthusiastic loyalty and delight in seeing the heir to the throne amongst them again—snatched as it were from the jaws of death—described as Mr. Smith describes the loyalty of the peers to Henry VIII.—they ‘literally grovelled before him in transports of servile adulation.’ Perhaps the people on the 27th of February did grovel ; but they are not ashamed of it.

Mr. Smith seems inclined to date the peerage from the time of Henry VIII. ; indeed the courtiers of that time (who were not all peers, by the bye) are as much the subject of his anger as if they were alive and thwarting him now. But opening a genealogy of the peerage at random, we find, taking a few names alphabetically, and only opening three pages, Abercromby dating from the fourteenth century, Aberdeen from the fifteenth, Abergavenny from William the Conqueror’s time, Ailsa from the twelfth century, Airlie from the thirteenth, Albemarle from the twelfth ; Amherst from still earlier, and so on. The peerages do not all date back so far ; but from the dates given these families have been of position and of note in the country.

Mr. Smith is very angry with the Peers for having some slight wish to keep their landed property ; but human nature is human nature ; and if you propose to any class of men to ruin them, they probably will object. If there were twenty copies of some rare edition in the world, owned by twenty men, and you proposed to pass an Act making those twenty copies public property, the objection of those twenty men would not be a class objection—it would be their natural effort to protect themselves from robbery, although that robbery were contemplated by the nation. Of course it may be answered that if the possession of the books were for the good of the community they should be taken ; but first it would have to be proved that the good to the nation would be so great as to counterbalance the harm done by a temporary abrogation of freedom. It is a curious thing that socialists, with their mouths always filled by the great word ‘freedom,’ are in fact the most determined upholders of tyranny on the face of the globe.

Neither by reason, or theory, or by experience, does the House of Lords stand condemned. Not by reason, for no reasons but those of envy, hatred, and malice, have ever been given ; not by theory, for theory is strongly in favour of a second chamber ; and not by experience, for (putting aside the delinquencies, that have now as much to do with the subject as Noah’s Ark has to do with the building of ironclads) our experience tells us that a drag on the wheels of progress is a most salutary thing ; and though we have seen measures, ultimately to become

law, stopped for a time by the Upper House, yet we have also always seen them emerge at length with all the improvements that a longer consideration and a fear of fault-finders could give them. The man who has his house 'run up' in a hurry, is certain ultimately to regret his haste; and the law passed by acclamation, amid the cheers of an excited majority, is pretty sure to come back very soon for amendment or repeal.

Mr. Smith says the use of Mr. Gladstone of the Royal Prerogative was a popular action. If so, its popularity was effectually hidden; for, except the 'Daily Telegraph,' not one paper of any position supported it. Many of the staunchest Liberals rebuked the Government for it; and even Mr. Fawcett—who surely goes far enough, even for Mr. Smith—declared in the 'Fortnightly Review' that it was dangerous and improper.

But one of the arguments against the existence of the Upper House is so comical that it is difficult to believe in its sincerity. It is, that to make legislation on any important question (that is, of course, revolutionary legislation) possible, it is necessary to get up a storm sufficient to terrify the Peers. Which argument may be put thus:—The House of Lords exists, and its duty is to legislate for the best, according to its lights. No one would assert that it should pass what it thinks harmful to the nation; and it does think anything harmful which tends towards the destruction of the Constitution. So, say its enemies, it is very hard that those men, whose object is by assumed Constitutional means to destroy the Constitution, should have the trouble of getting up an agitation, and half revealing their true intention, because the Lords have to be frightened, if possible, from doing what is not denied to be their duty. Why, a brigand might just as well complain that he had the trouble of terrifying the traveller before he robbed him!

And here let us pause for a moment to thank Mr. Smith for not having disappointed us—as we were beginning to fear he would—in a matter on which we had set our heart. We turned over page after page, eagerly searching for some mention of the arch-fiend, the enemy of the human race—the leader of the Conservative party; and at last we found what we sought; and reading the words 'lowest political sharper,' 'thoroughly dishonest,' 'treasonable,' 'instinct with the hatred of the nation,' we felt that indeed at last 'Lothair' is amply avenged. Awful, too, in its refined cruelty is the use made of that novel to show us the degradation of our peerage—to reveal the hideous debauchery of the upper classes, which no doubt it was intended to flatter. When we read of Lothair using the University as a tavern and a hunting-box we shudder, not only at his moral turpitude, but also at the insidious ingenuity he must have possessed to be able to turn it into two such very dissimilar things. And to think of Lothair, the nineteenth century

Rochester, sipping his twopenny cup of coffee in the grey morning, no doubt raising the blush of honest virtue upon the cheek of the old woman who kept the stall by his aristocratic ribaldry, while, perhaps at that very moment, Mr. Smith was seeing from his coach the poor woman crying at the saloop-stand. It is very horrible : the contrast is so vivid ; and we are quite sure that Mr. Smith will forgive us for giving out to the world that *he* was the passenger who brought her a mug of saloop and a bit of bread ; and when she kept her bread for her child, he, Mr. Smith, would have got her another piece, so as to make one for each, had not the coach started at the critical moment. Of course he might have stopped for the bit of bread, and gone by the coach next day, but '*nous avons tous assez de force pour supporter les maux d'autrui*,' though we can all be very pathetic about them when we want to make capital for a controversial article.

Mr. Smith calls the Upper House a historical accident ; but apart from there being no such thing as a historical accident, we may retort that so is the whole Constitution an accident ; so is the discovery of America ; so is the existence of Mr. Smith ; and so, if there be such a thing as accident, is everybody and everything. The Parliament of five hundred shoemakers would be a very terrible accident for us all, as we should assuredly have to pay high for our boots when sold us by M.P.'s. Whether they would legislate on the principle that 'there's nothing like leather,' or not, it is impossible to say ; but the mention of them in connection with legislation irresistibly recalls De Foe's lines in 'Jure Divino' :—

'The cobbler's not so vile despised a thing,
But whisp'ring devils this delusion bring—
He fancies he could make a better king.'

And no doubt five hundred cobblers (was not Mr. Odger a cobbler who made bad shoes ?) would think they were fit for five hundred kings.

As to the 'languid' legislation of the House of Lords, the only answer to this accusation can be that their cry for work is incessant ; and but a short time ago a debate on the subject seemed only to reveal the fact that the present Government (as they make one of their greatest points when opposing the Upper House its uselessness) was determined not to give it a chance of legislation in the earlier part of the Session, but preferred sending down, as heretofore, some important bill a fortnight before the dissolution, with all kinds of threats if it is not passed unconsidered. And as to the functions of a High Court of Appeal, which it has 'absurdly retained,' we only ask, Could the highest Court of Appeal last a year were it not what it is acknowledged on all sides to be, an assemblage of men of ripe years and vast experience, who represent the success and the talent of the British Bar ?

Mr. Smith writes of the 'Jamaica Massacre,' with the same good taste which is shown in his mention of the present Lord Hertford's uncle; his stay in America has blunted his perception, not only of taste, but of the meaning of the word libel. The persecution of Governor Eyre, although backed by much influence and more money, failed utterly, and Mr. Smith has no more right to speak of him in the way he does, than the libellers of the man acquitted for the Eltham murder had to write what they did about him. We should not wonder if the professor were a personal friend of a certain American general, whose enmity to England is so enormous, General B——r, and whose humanity to southern women during the war of secession we all know of; or perhaps he has a great regard and respect for General S——s, who murdered a defenceless man by shooting him in the street, and of course has been highly honoured by his countrymen ever after (indeed they have made him an ambassador). Why, even if Mr. Eyre had been what Mr. Smith thinks him, and had not saved Jamaica from a sanguinary outbreak, he would be a lamb compared to either of these two American gentlemen.

And, speaking of America, let us remark as a curious fact, that whenever public opinion in Europe unanimously denounces any American scandal, or finds fault leniently enough (for we always flatter the great Republic if possible), with its determined habit of making fame and notoriety synonymous terms, we are always rebuked by being told that the whole thing is perpetrated by foreigners, and that the Americans *pur sang*, are models of what Sir Charles Dilke sighs for, 'simplicity and frugality.' Our impression at last is that America is peopled by foreigners, and that the Americans live elsewhere: in Paris perhaps.

No capital can be made out of the Hudson scandal, let Mr. Goldwin Smith say what he will; for although no doubt some members of the aristocracy may have bowed down in the 'Saloons of Hudson:' yet the peculiarity of that bubble was that class jostled class, servant elbowed master, in the short race for wealth. And if the peers cringe to the *Times*, and if its influence is immoral, and if it is the organ of the oligarchy, still we may ask why is it that, if the people in their thousands are all of the same way of thinking as Mr. Smith, they cannot raise an organ of any position, of any circulation, or of any character, to represent their views.

'In the United States,' says Mr. Smith, 'if a rich man wishes to be more than a rich man, he becomes a public benefactor:' that is to say, in other words, he advertises his wealth as publicly as possible, and, if he happens to be still in business, as advantageously as possible to himself. Far be it from us to assert that there is not much true charity in America, but we do say (comparisons are odious, but this one is forced on us) that our English benefactors, and their name is legion, do not give for

the sake of being 'more than rich men,' but for the sake of charity only, and that English charity is more widespread, truly benevolent and discriminating than the charity of any other nation on the face of the globe. It begins at home, but it forces its way all over the habitable world: undaunted by the terrors of the unknown; blind and deaf to all obstacles, it reaches from pole to pole; and the half-starving Persian, the cropless French farmer, the French soldiers' orphans, the burnt out poor of Chicago, are even now benefiting by its blessed efforts.

Mr. Smith says that the Tory party is not Tory 'properly speaking,' and we hope not, as Tory, properly speaking, signifies, we believe, *rapparee*, as a whig signifies sour milk. And, besides, the Tory party now calls itself the Conservative party; a party prepared at all hazards to conserve the essential existence of the constitution. A far better name for it in our opinion, would be the Constitutional Party: and with change of name, it might fling away many of those antiquated notions which, though not actually harmful in themselves, give to its enemies so mighty a handle for abuse; and which to a certain extent keep back the popularity which will ere long, when violence has sickened the people, turn it into the 'popular party' of the nation.

There is scarcely a great man of moderate views (and surely moderation is wisdom), who has not had or will not have a chance of entering the Upper House: to state that Macaulay 'slipped in because he was childless,' is to state what is not true, but is of course unanswerable; and as to the Marquis of Hertford, '*de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*' Mr. Smith's abuse may be very damaging to the peerage, but is still more damaging to his own sense of decency; for it may happen that some of Lord Hertford's near relatives read the 'Fortnightly Review.'

And now we come to a wonderful instance of the length to which a wish for a clenching argument will carry a controversialist. 'The Sheffield outrages were nearly contemporary with Louis Napoleon's massacre on the Boulevards;' i.e., 'I want to prove that at the time the Trades' Unions were being disgraced, imperialism was being disgraced too; let me sink twelve or thirteen years and the thing is done!'

Again, Mr. Smith remarks on the Lords' adulation and hand-kissing of Louis Napoleon; but it was the London Merchants, the representatives of what a French Deputy well described the other day as 'the accumulated labour of yesterday' of which the labour of to-day is envious, who rushed to 'him in 1853, with solicitations for his friendship, and who were afterwards reproved for their conduct in the House of Lords! Besides, friendship to Louis Napoleon or

to the Comte de Chambord, or to the Duc d'Aumâle, or to M. Thiers, or to Gambetta, only means friendship to France; to the nation, with only the red shirt of republicanism, or the linen one of constitutional monarchy, or the cambric ruffles of absolutism between the two nations' panting hearts.

It is not true that the able men in the House of Lords are generally ex-chancellors and other peers by creation, not peers by birth: for not to go through a long list, no one denies that Lords Salisbury, Granville, Carnarvon, Dufferin, Lyttleton, Stanhope, and Derby, are among the leading minds of the country.

The Land Laws constitute far too vast a subject to enter upon here; perhaps the existence of the Upper Chamber may in some degree increase the stability of the rights of property: but no argument can be deduced from the lawless confiscation in Ireland: for although the land has been there practically handed over to the tenants, we have not yet seen a decrease of pauperism or an increase of quiet in that country. The result seems only to have been that Ireland now requires to be separated from the country whose administrators make it such handsome presents.

We are told to look round Europe, and observe that legitimacy is dead, and the sand of dynasticism is nearly run; and when we do look, what do we see? We see a majority of monarchists in the French Chamber but awaiting a favourable opportunity to put an end to the pitiful pretence of a republic without republicans. We see Spain settling gradually and somewhat painfully, but willingly, down into a constitutional monarchy; having searched Europe for a king, so unable was she to exist without one. We see Italy rejoicing with her king at having at last her ancient and legitimate capital for him to reign from. We see Germany, after her superb conquest, firmly establishing an emperor over her united greatness. Norway and Sweden and Denmark are unmoved in their allegiance to their reigning houses; and the Russian Czar is as firm on his throne (nay, the liberation of the serfs has rendered him still firmer), and as powerful as ever. In fact we see exactly the opposite to what Mr. Goldwin Smith seems to see.

His advice about the English Established Church may no doubt be very good; and if the people of England take it, assuredly the Church will cease to be; but unfortunately for his argument, the Lords are not the only persons who object to the disestablishment. There is also the trifling obstacle that the House of Representatives of the people objects too; and the aim of Reform cannot surely be that a minority—arguing like Mr. Auberon Herbert, that, if they think a principle right, the will of the people is nothing—should rule a majority, merely because they call themselves reformers in the sense of wishing to knock down instead of to build up.

¹ Mr. Smith in new law because other

Book 1.

VOL. III

The men who support the State Church are at present the majority of Englishmen : let disestablishment be the principal hustings cry at the next general election, and then let the issue be tried in the Lower House again. The most bigoted Tory would be ready to abide that issue. At present, as we do pretend to govern by means of a majority, it is hard to see how anything, however beneficial advanced reformers may *know* it to be, can be done against the will of that majority.

If the Established Church is an 'Alien Church,' if the majority of the English people object to it, in heaven's name let it go ; but if the contrary is the case, what do these reformers mean but tyranny, a tyranny as complete as that of the worst Tudor, when they ask for its abolition because they, and a handful of malcontents, who vainly try to make up in noise what they want in numbers, object to it. They either cannot or will not understand the astounding fact that on any one point they can be not the popular, but the unpopular party, and that though 'the flower of the nation' (being in this instance, we suppose, Messrs. Dixon, Richard, and Miall) are with them, the stalk, and leaves, and root are against them.

Before we leave this subject for the present, we would call especial attention to what appears to us the most important sentence in the whole of Mr. Goldwin Smith's Essay. 'It is surely almost needless to say that while the abolition of the State Church is pressed with vigour, a movement of political reform should not be tainted in the eye of a great mass of the community, and rendered tenfold more difficult, by mixing it up with an iconoclastic onslaught on the Christian religion. It will be hard enough as it is to win political justice, without setting all the religious feeling of the country, as well as the power of the oligarchy and its supporters, against the movement.'¹

This is the key to the position. This lets us into the secrets of the enemies of the Church. Till the disestablishment, atheism, or 'iconoclasm,' or 'freelight,' or whatever name Paganism may be called by, is to be put in the cupboard ; it is a bogie that may scare those fools (who are timid, as fools always are) who otherwise would help in the great work, believing it to be political and not irreligious. 'It will be hard to win' without the religious feeling of the country as another opponent ; but what if the geese in the capitol have cackled, what if the religious feeling is aroused ; will you win then ? We think not.

Thus far we have followed page by page, and sentence by sentence, Mr. Smith's article in the 'Fortnightly Review' for March, and if we have

¹ Mr. Smith's policy is truly Machiavellian. 'Certainly never any man brought in new laws, or set up any doctrine extraordinary, but with pretence of religion, because otherwise they would never have been admitted.'—*Machiavelli—Discourses*, Book 1.

appeared jerky and heedless of arrangement, we must plead that it is not our fault. We will now try and put our meaning into something like order.

'The Aim of Reform' is that the Upper House of Parliament should be abolished, and that the State Church should be disestablished; also that the atheism of the reformer should be hidden, and that 'Woman's Rights' should be allowed to remain wrongs until those two things are accomplished. The reasons why the House of Lords should be abolished are four in number. 1. Because the House of Lords was once corrupt, and many of its members did not lead highly moral lives. 2. Because the pedigrees of the Lords are not as ancient as they should be. 3. Because the present members are all very old, with 'elderly and opulent forms, &c.,' or very young 'brainless boys.' 4. Because the House differs in legislative matters with the revolutionists, who call themselves the 'popular party.'

And the State Church is to be abolished for only one reason: because the 'popular party,' although a minority of the nation, chooses that it should be abolished!

In all his swaying crowd of words, these are the only arguments which Mr. Smith gives for two fundamental changes which could scarcely be arrived at without a revolution that would tear the very vitals of the country. We do not follow him into his argument that a second chamber is not a necessity, because we are certain that the question will never be practically mooted, that the want of a second chamber will never be felt until we have all lain in our graves for many long years; for the Upper House has a stronger hold on the affection of the nation (on which, after all, every institution depends) than it had a hundred years ago.

Let the battle begin. Let it be 'popular party' (self-styled) against the nation, and the odds will be, in betting parlance, 1000 to 10 on the latter.

Exactly the same may be said of the Church: it simply rests in the people's affection. Let their verdict be against it, and it must quickly topple down; but if every dissenter, every atheist, and every red republican had lungs of brass and pens of fire, they could not hasten its fall by one millionth part of a second. One object of the disestablishment would be to deprive the Church of the great power, political and social, which it is erroneously supposed to wield. But knowledge is power, and money is power; and the disestablishment would not take these from it. Even if it did take the latter, more would be forthcoming. The true fact is that the power of the English Protestant Church would be doubled by disestablishment, for it would take off the fetters placed upon it by the dominant and interfering State. And it would call back to itself, through the influence of generous feeling, in its time of apparent adversity, many of those men with restless or lax views of

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religion who are inclined to stray outside its gates in its days of milk and honey.

But even admitting, for the sake of argument, that both Church and Upper Chamber should go, how is the excision of the latter to be possibly effected ; for we are often assured by the lovers of change that nothing they counsel is not to be effected by other means than those of a violent revolution.

Imagine Sir Charles Dilke rising in the House of Commons, and moving that in the opinion of this House another place is an useless absurdity. Why, before he would have had time to frame his resolution, long before the time came for Mr. Auberon Herbert to second him, or for Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Fawcett, and Mr. Vernon Harcourt to make their denunciatory orations, the Speaker would (for he must) interfere and quash the whole thing. Even supposing the rules of the House to be broken, and the resolution to be carried, it would make no law. Let it be made into a bill and read three times, and three times three times, it would not be worth the paper it was printed on ; for imagine the inextinguishable laughter which would greet Lord Granville when he rose, and, with a bland smile, proposed to abolish himself and the rest of their lordships. Or imagine the feelings of our Gracious Sovereign when the Prime Minister laid before her for approval a bill doing away with one house of her legislature. 'Indeed, your Majesty, we dislike these Lords very much, so of course they must disappear.'

But let us suppose still more : suppose that the Commons passed, the Sovereign sanctioned, and Peers agreed to their own disestablishment, would the latter then be admitted to the rights of other citizens ; or, as a punishment for the misdeeds of their ancestors and their own unenlightenment, be condemned, with convicts and Irish and Scotch peers, to have no part in the government of their country. If the former, fully one half of them—ballot or no ballot—would find their way into the then single chamber of the legislature ; and coalescing with the moderate party they would find there (for moderation can never be killed) might vote themselves back again in the old house, unless they preferred the increased influence and trebled power their new position gave them. If the latter—but the *reductio ad absurdum* is complete without going on any further with the proposition.

With one sentence of Mr. Goldwin Smith's essay we thoroughly and heartily agree. 'The people will be politically demoralized, and their power of feeling rational loyalty to a good government will be destroyed by prolonged and aimless agitation.'

And what is the aim of reform of the kind under discussion ? It is the aim of the child who rips open the doll to discover the inside ; it is the aim of a man breaking a kaleidoscope to see whether perchance

the pattern formed by the pieces of coloured glass when strewn on the floor may not be still more pleasing than any he can shake them into; it is the aim of one who, having built a house and afterwards disliked some of its ornamentation, knocks down the house and builds another plainer one, instead of aiming at the same result by knocking the ornamentation off the original house. The new school of happy-go-lucky levellers can see nothing standing out on the plain of the past, but they must knock it down, in case there might be a gold mine beneath. The eggs of the constitutional goose may not be plentiful, but they are laid now and then; but these men must wring its neck in the hope of at once realizing a basket full.

Mr. Smith seems to hope that by his scheme of destruction (not reform) party feeling will be done away with; and if it did carry such a possibility with it, it would at least have one good point; but why party feeling should go because you stir up bitterness and hatred between classes a thousand fold is a mystery beyond our solving.

The British Constitution, whose every permanent reform has come from within (and, if not, the days of revolution are over), has sustained many more rude shocks than those directed against it now by the progressive school; and not all Mr. Smith's eloquence, not all his long sentences of historical and rhetorical anathema, not all the curses hurled at it by the members of the Hole in the Wall party ('Dissentious rogues that, rubbing the poor itch of their opinions, make themselves scabs'); and not all the more serious harm done it by the incompetency of a portion of its friends, will avail against it. No, to quote again from Shakspeare (changing one word),

'You may as well

Strike at the Heavens with your staves, as lift them
Against the *British* State, whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment.'

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THE DAY AFTER MY DEATH.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY H. D. TRAILL.



CHAPTER III.

THE COURT OF THE SLEEPERS.

THE physician was not a little discomposed by the incident which I have recorded in the last chapter, and was at first inclined to dispute Minos's judgment on the mental state of these prisoners, or at any rate, of him whom he as a physician had professionally examined. He began to lay before us the scientific reasons upon which he had founded his belief in the man's insanity, but to no purpose. Now that we had passed through the Hall of Justice, and had seen each other standing in that mysterious light of the other world, we were no longer to be deceived. We could read each other's inmost thoughts; and though we were unskilled in the scientific terms which he employed, we all of us knew that the arguments which the physician was so elaborately marshalling had never even convinced himself. No one, however, made any answer to his attempted defence, and an awkward pause ensued.

'Well gentlemen,' said Minos, at last breaking the silence, 'what are your plans?'

We looked at each other in some surprise, for we had hardly anticipated so much latitude of choice as the question seemed to imply.

'What are your plans?' repeated he. 'How do you purpose passing your time in Hades?'

Nobody answered for some time, till at length the barrister ventured a request that Minos would himself suggest something.

'Impossible, gentlemen,' he replied, laughing, 'I cannot suggest anything without being acquainted with your respective tastes. It is for each of you to say what is his ideal of a future state.'

I think, nay I feel sure, that we all knew what we ought to reply. It

would indeed have been unpardonable in any educated nineteenth century spirit, to be unprepared with the correct answer to such a question as this. Still, from some cause or other—diffidence probably—we remained silent.

Just at this moment the door opened, and one of the officers of the Court—an apparitor—entered the room.

‘There are several spirits outside, my Lord,’ he said, addressing Minos, ‘who are becoming impatient for their discharge, if your Lordship could make it convenient to sign their papers at once.’

‘Well, they can’t leave yet,’ replied Minos. ‘But never mind, admit them, apparitor;’ and thereupon the philosopher entered the room, followed by the artist, the poet, and the widow. The first-named was in a high state of excitement. ‘My Lords,’ he exclaimed, with an eagerness almost painful to witness, ‘I beg you will allow me to depart at once.’

‘At once?’ said Minos. ‘Pray may I ask the cause of your extreme impatience?’

‘Impatience?’ cried the philosopher, his eyes burning with the fever of his great hope. ‘Oh, my Lord! would you chide the impatience of the thirsting wayfarer, whose knees are on the brink of the desert well. Have I thus far toiled and endured in silence, wrestling with the dull agony of doubt, and facing the stony brow of mystery with an unshaken heart, that I should not now be eager to close my sufferings at last? My Lords, you know not the joy with which I arose to follow your messenger but a few hours back, when he touched me on the shoulder as my lamp was waning before the dawn. Full of a calm hope I followed him hither, and what have I yet found? Phenomena! Phenomena! Phenomena! I see with an etherialized sight, and I hear with a purged ear, and the gross burden of my body harasses and distracts my thought no longer: but all is subjective still.’ (At the word ‘subjective’ the country gentleman was observed to prick up his ears). ‘The same old question recurs: Who is this “I” that see, what this world that is seen? The problem of consciousness, the enigma of existence, is still unsolved. Your people below have told me that the answer lies beyond. Give me, then my papers, my Lord, and let me go!’ And the philosopher stretched out a feverish hand towards the judges.

We were infected with his enthusiasm. It awoke us to a sense of our duty to the nineteenth century. We recollected that we owed it to our era, to be above all things anxious to discover the enigma of existence, and that our ideal of a future state (unless we were prepared to accept a grossly unfashionable one) should be ‘that in which all the problems of this present life should be solved.’ In fact we recalled, and only just in

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time, that theory of life and death which has found chief favour with our epoch, viz., that the former should be spent in a continual and conscientious endeavour to work out an impossible sum, in order that on the occurrence of the latter, the schoolmaster may, in consideration of our industry, permit us to look at the answers at the end of the book. With the exception of the widow, we all hastened to assure Minos of our determination to follow the philosopher, and seek the solution of the enigma of existence. Minos smiled—slightly ironically, as I thought—at the suddenness and unanimity of our resolve, and conferred with his brother judges for a few moments in a low voice, at intervals eyeing each of us in turn. He then proceeded to fill up our papers of discharge, but before attaching his signature to each, he enquired formally and severally of each of us whether it was our deliberate determination to adopt the same course as the philosopher. ‘Not,’ he added, ‘that your present decision is in any way final. You will have an opportunity of subsequently reconsidering it, and if you think fit, of returning here to signify your adoption of some other plan of life. I merely wish to save myself, whenever possible, the labour of filling up a second set of papers.’

We all, however, remained firm. The country gentleman in particular was almost indignant with Minos for appearing to question the sincerity of his desire to solve the problem of existence.

‘I assure you, my Lord,’ he said, ‘though you mightn’t think it, I take considerable interest in these questions. I used to read a great deal about them in some fellow’s books—I forget his name—during the summer months, and, indeed, sometimes even in the hunting season. It’s a devilish curious thing about consciousness and all that. And there’s free will and necessity too—it’s all very puzzling. At all events, it quite beats *me*, I know; and I assure you there is no gentleman here more anxious to have the whole business cleared up than I am. I’m all for solving the charade, or the enigma, or whatever you call it.’

The widow, who all this time had sat apart, and whose voice had not joined in the eager chorus which had proclaimed our adhesion to the plan of the philosopher, was at last called upon to signify her intentions.

‘Are you too, madam,’ asked Minos courteously, ‘desirous of solving the problem of existence?’

‘I, my Lord?’ she replied hurriedly, starting from her reverie. ‘Oh no. I want to find poor dear George.’

Minos smiled half sadly, half amused.

‘Well, madam,’ he continued, ‘you had perhaps then better join this party. Your husband may possibly have gone forward in the direction which they will take. You have, I suppose, no absolute objection to solving the problem of existence, if it will enable you to find your husband?’

'Oh dear no,' replied the widow innocently, 'none in the least.'

Minos filled up her papers, and then turning towards us :

'Your papers, gentlemen,' he said ; 'are now ready, but I regret to inform you ' (and here he cast a glance of compassion at the philosopher), that you will not be able to start on your journey till the evening. The rules on this point are very strict, and they provide that no passports shall on any account be issued until the Court has risen for the day, I am not permitted to tell you the reason of the rule, but only to inform you that it is peremptory.'

The philosopher heaved a deep sigh, and settled himself to endure the protraction for a few more hours of the suspense of seventy years.

'My learned brothers and myself,' continued Minos ; 'must now return to the Court to hold our afternoon sitting, but the apparitor is permitted to conduct you to any part of Hades, save that which you are yourselves destined to occupy, and to show you whatever is to be seen.'

The barrister requested permission to be allowed to return into Court, and witness the hearing of the other cases on the list. His request was at once acceded to, Minos promising to accommodate him with a seat on the bench. The philosopher elected to remain alone with his suspense in one of the ante-rooms adjoining the Court, and the widow retired to another. The rest of us gratefully accepted Minos's kind offer of the guidance of the apparitor, and, after cordially thanking their lordships for the kindness we had received from them, we prepared to follow our *cicerone*.

We were led out though the judges' private entrance and found ourselves at the back of the building in a vast court-yard, of whose dimensions I am not permitted to give even an approximate estimate. The atmosphere was warm, languid, and oppressive—so' oppressive indeed, that we should have hastened to leave it, had we not been arrested by the singular spectacle which presented itself. The whole of the vast area of the Court was crowded with couches, a few of which were vacant, but the large majority occupied by recumbent figures.

'This,' said the apparitor, answering our enquiring glances ; 'is called the Court of the Sleepers. It is tenanted by those spirits whose ideal of a future world is a state of complete passivity and repose. Its occupants are chiefly Orientals and Southern Europeans. There are a few spirits from Northern and Western Europe who have been, in their lifetime, wealthy men, of a weak or languid physique and who have lived long enough to acquire an incurable love of *inertia* ; but of English, or indeed of Teutonic spirits generally, very few make this their permanent abode.'

We were now in the midst of the Court, and we halted to gaze upon

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the scene. It was marvellous, indeed. Innumerable figures lay around us in every attitude of deep lethargic slumber. No stirring limb, or changing posture broke the dead stillness or marred the immovable repose of that vast assembly. The mighty whisper of their deep breathings seemed itself a deeper silence and the rise and fall of their countless breasts was rather felt than seen, as one is conscious of the soft motion of a reposing sea. Sleep seemed not so much an internal condition of the prostrate figures as a huge external pall, enwrapping them in its folds and awaiting the hand of some mighty Being to raise it, as a man lifts the shroud from the face of a corpse.

Armed with the new-found faculties which enabled us to read in the face of spirits the histories of their mortal lives, we gazed with interest on the sleepers who lay nearest to us. Here lay the spirit of the bed-ridden cripple whom the gentle messenger of the Shades had one night lifted lovingly from his lifelong couch of pain and carried hither, to find a good night's rest at last. Calm and motionless he lies wrapped in slumbers which no earthly opiates could give, dreading no longer the midnight wakings in dull pain, nor the feverish thirsts, nor the restless tossings of the sick. Next to him lay the spirit of an old hedger, buried in a sleep unhaunted by visions of the next day's toil. Poor slave of the glebe, bent and broken, he has got his manumission at last! As he sleeps he knows that his old woman will not wake him in the darkness of the winter morning with 'John, it be foive o'clock.' He knows that he will not have to crawl out and huddle on his clothes by the dim rush-light, and hear the rain beating against the lattice, as he ties his dinner in the handkerchief. He knows that he will not have to do this the next day, nor the day after, nor the day after that, nor any more for ever. The repose of his future shows itself in the expression of his present sleep. He is dreaming that it is a perpetual Saturday night, and that the squire has sent to say that he doesn't expect him to go to Sunday morning service.

The apparitor noticed the interest with which we regarded this sleeper.

'Ah!' he remarked, 'English agricultural labourers who die in what one would call in other classes the prime of life—that is before they are quite broken down by incessant and exhausting toil—are to be found here at times in considerable numbers. Dying in middle age, and not having therefore enjoyed like their elder brethren the satisfying repose of the workhouse, they come here at first with great delight and declare their intention never to stir from their couches; but after a short time they begin to get restless and uneasy, and in the end they generally return to the judge, and ask to be transferred to some spot where they can have hedging and ditching in moderation.'

As he spoke, an official bearing a wand and a scroll was threading his way towards us amongst the couches of the sleepers. From time to time he would refer to the scroll and compare its contents with an inscription on the head of a particular couch. This done, he would touch the sleeper with his wand and wake him. Some question and answer then passed between them, after which the sleeper addressed would sometimes rise and follow the official. In many cases, however, the spirit would reply to the question put to him by an abrupt, sometimes even an impatient and angry shake of the head, and immediately resume his slumbers.

‘What is the meaning of this?’ asked the Liberal M.P.

‘Every sleeper,’ said the apparitor, ‘is awakened at the conclusion of each year of his slumber, and the question is formally put to him whether he desires to arise and engage in some form of active life. There are but few who do not in three or four years’ time at least return an answer in the affirmative. Those whose mortal lives have been the most full of toil soon weary of continual rest; and as for those whose lives have been made miserable by pain and sickness, when they have slept off the recollection of their sufferings, they are the most anxious of all to enter on a life of activity, from having spent their earthly days in enforced inaction. At the close of every year this question is repeated, until the completion of the tenth year of the sleeper’s slumbers.

‘And then?’ we asked eagerly.

‘Do not ask me,’ said the apparitor, in a troubled voice, and shuddering as a spirit shudders.

We gazed at him in astonishment, and repeated our question.

At this moment the official stopped at a couch near to where we were standing, tenanted by a spirit of an Oriental race. He touched the sleeper with the wand and woke him. The question was put, and the awakened sleeper shook his head, not impatiently but gravely and firmly, and with a certain dignity which we were constrained to admire. The officer with the wand and scroll seemed, I thought, to delay a little longer than usual after the reply was given, in the apparent hope of its being retracted; but the spirit, without looking again at his questioner, stretched himself on the couch with the same grave dignity, and folded his arms upon his breast. The other then waved the wand thrice over the couch and broke it in two.

A low cry burst from the apparitor.

‘Look!’ he said in a breathless whisper, ‘the wand is broken. The tenth year is completed. His hour is come.’

At this moment a deep sound, like a passing bell, smote upon our ears, and the apparitor, with a shudder, turned away his head. The movement diverted our gaze for a moment from the recumbent spirit, and

when our eyes returned thither, an exclamation of terror burst from our lips.

The couch was empty !

‘Let us go,’ said the apparitor, hurriedly.

‘What does it mean ?’ we asked in amazement.

‘It means,’ said our guide solemnly, ‘that a spirit has ceased to be. He is annihilated. Those spirits who, after ten years of slumber, still prefer the unconscious to the conscious life, cease, by the eternal law of Hades, to exist.’

We walked by his side, shuddering, and in silence. Our emotion may seem strange to mortal men, clothed, as they know themselves to be, with a perishable body, whose frail vitality a thousand trivial causes may in a moment extinguish. Those only who have put off the fleshly elements of their being, and felt the intense self-sufficing life of the disembodied spirit, can estimate our feelings at that moment ; only those who have exchanged the flickering uncertain flame of bodily existence for the undimmed, unwavering light of spirit-life can understand our horror at seeing it quenched for ever.

‘Do many perish thus,’ we asked, after a time.

‘Few indeed,’ replied the apparitor. ‘Many and many a spirit who has slept doggedly through his ten years of grace, has sprung up at his last warning, trembling with an unspeakable terror, when he at last found himself face to face with the awful nothing. I have known but one English spirit who dared to face it. He whom you saw perish was a Buddhist by creed. Annihilation is the end and object of his religion. But no more of this ; let us leave this dreadful place.’

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRISONS.

Our guide had led us out nearly into the centre of the Court of the Sleepers, in order that we might have a better view of the singular scene ; and as he uttered the last words, he turned and retraced his steps towards the door of the judge’s private entrance, whence we had issued from the Hall of Justice. He then skirted the wall of the Court of the Sleepers for a few score yards, and finally stopped before a small low door, heavily barred and bolted. This he unlocked, and admitted us into a court-yard of much smaller dimensions than that which we had just left. This court-yard formed, as it were, the connecting link

between the central buildings of the Palace of Justice, and a wing of considerable height, and in length stretching further than the utmost limits of our sight. At the opposite end of the court-yard (which we immediately recognized as that which we had looked out upon from the judges' private room) was another door, also firmly secured, and with a building like a small porter's lodge, or guard-room, attached to it.

'Now gentlemen,' said the apparitor, closing behind us the door by which we had entered, and locking it with great care, 'I am at your service. How would you wish to spend your afternoon. These,' he continued, pointing to the vast wing of the building which I have mentioned, 'these are our prisons. You would probably like to pay them a short visit before we go on to the city.'

'The city!' exclaimed the Liberal M.P. in surprise. 'What city?'

'What city!' echoed the apparitor, 'why, the City of the Shades, to be sure. Where else did you imagine that those spirits who on earth have been entirely engrossed in the pleasures and occupations of an urban life, would care to pass their lives in a spiritual state?'

'But,' enquired the M.P., with growing astonishment, 'do you mean to say that it resembles the cities of earth?'

'Precisely,' answered our guide; 'houses, streets, marts, churches, theatres, trades, professions, everything complete. All the comforts and appliances of an earthly city, I assure you.'

'What!' exclaimed the M.P., 'and all its sin and misery and turmoil as well? All its vulgar aims, and mean anxieties, and paltry ambitions?'

The apparitor shrugged his shoulders.

'It has all the characteristics of a city,' he said.

'And are there then,' exclaimed the M.P., indignantly, 'are there spirits of so gross and earthly a temper, any who look back at the wretched life of earth with so ignoble a regret, as willingly to take up their abode in this city?'

'Its population,' answered the apparitor coolly, 'was 250 billions by the last census returns, and it is increasing now at the rate of thirty millions a year.'

'But,' interrupted the country gentleman, 'Minos never told us of the existence of spirits passing their lives in this way.'

'True,' replied the other. 'Nor indeed did he mention any of the multitude of various pursuits which are followed by the inhabitants of Hades. Your singular and noble unanimity in selecting the highest life rendered it unnecessary for their Lordships to describe the other lives which were open to you. You will now, however, have an opportunity of seeing them for yourselves.'

'My intention,' said the country gentleman with pride, 'is, as you know, to solve the problem of existence.'

'I am aware of it, sir,' replied the apparitor with a slight smile, 'and very creditable it is to a gentleman in your position. The majority of country gentleman spirits take to farming.'

'What!' exclaimed the country gentleman, eagerly, 'is there any farming to be had?'

'Abundance,' said the apparitor, 'and very high farming too.'

The squire turned away his head, and those nearest to him fancied that they heard him sigh heavily.

'But come, gentlemen,' continued our guide, 'am I not right in supposing that you would like to inspect our prisons?'

We readily assented to the proposal, and following our conductor through an arched doorway, we passed up a spiral flight of steps to the great central corridor of the prisons.

'I am much interested in the subject of prisons,' said the M.P. a little pompously, 'and would not for a great deal have missed this opportunity of observing your system. By-the-bye,' he continued, 'what, on the whole, is your opinion of ours? Do you find an improvement of late years in the *morale* of the English convict? Do you meet with a larger proportion of reformed characters amongst them than was formerly the case?'

'I have had little or no experience of them,' replied the apparitor. 'Such English convicts as arrive here with their earthly sentences unexpired, and are not able,' he added with a covert smile, 'to prove their reformation by their tickets-of-leave, are consigned to a house of correction in quite another part of Hades.'

'Whom have you here then?' I enquired.

'Here?' said the apparitor, carelessly, 'Oh, this prison is reserved exclusively for the undetected criminals, or for those whom, although detected, the short arm of human justice has been unable to reach.'

We glanced in dismay down the vast corridor in which we were standing, whose polished floor and groined roof seemed to converge in the dim distance, while the myriad shafts of its slowly lessening arches wearied the eye which strove in vain to separate them.

'Exclusively reserved to criminals unpunished upon earth?' we faltered, after a short pause.

'Exclusively,' replied our guide coldly. 'But I see, gentlemen, that you have not even yet unlearned what you will forgive me for calling your provincial prejudices. You have been throughout your lives accustomed to pride yourselves on the knowledge, the judgment, and the justice of the society in which you have lived, in just the same spirit as that which leads Giles or Hodge—pardon the comparison—to look on his little country town as the centre of the universe, to regard its corn exchange as the triumph of human architecture, its mayor as the most

awful of earthly dignitaries, its sessions as the most learned and accomplished tribunal in the world. Ah, gentlemen, you little know what hearty laughs we have in Hades as we observe the ineffable contempt with which civilised society looks down out of her one blurred dim distorting eye, on the blind communities of the savage.'

We all of us felt some irritation at this rather rude speech, the country gentleman especially; but the recollection of the mortification we had experienced in the judge's retiring-room was still fresh in our minds, and we felt fully sure that our guide had abundant means of proving the truth of his insinuations.

'Of what offences,' enquired the M.P., 'have the prisoners confined here been guilty?'

'Of offences of fraud and cruelty principally,' replied the other, 'of which many thousands are committed daily in the most civilised communities without subjecting their authors to the slightest danger or inconvenience.'

'But surely, sir,' said the poet earnestly, at length mustering up courage to utter what was in all our minds—'surely, sir,—I speak without knowledge of the subject, and regret that our legal friend is not here,—surely our law is not so inadequate to the protection of property that many crimes of fraud are permitted to go unpunished?'

The apparitor replied by pointing to the inscription over the arched door of the ward which we were about to enter. It ran thus: 'MER-
CURIUS WARD;' and underneath: 'PROMOTERS OF COMPANIES (LIMITED).' The poet was silent. He had dabbled a little in speculation.

'We will visit this ward first, if you please, gentlemen,' said our conductor. 'But stay; perhaps you would like first to inspect the prison-register.'

As he spoke he threw open with some difficulty an enormous volume which was placed upon an iron lectern in the middle of the corridor, and we crowded round to read the names of the unfortunate inmates of the prison.

For a few moments nothing was to be heard but our loud exclamations of surprise and horror at the names which we discovered. 'What! my old friend Johnson here? Impossible!' 'Good God! Major Brown a prisoner, and for fraudulent dealing.' 'What's this? The Rev. Nathaniel Meek, twenty-five years' ill-treatment of wife. Why, I dined there only last week, and a more united couple —'

But here the apparitor, who had listened with a bitter smile to our exclamations, interposed. 'Come, gentlemen,' he said, 'if you once begin looking for your acquaintances, we shall be here all the afternoon. Let us go on now, if you please.' And with these words he unlocked the door of Mercurius Ward and admitted us. The wards are built out

at right angles to the vast central corridor, and are, of course, of much smaller dimensions. Along each side of this one in which we stood ran a row of cells, with the name of the occupant of each affixed to the door, accompanied by a short statement of the crime for which he was suffering. The apparitor paused opposite a door bearing the inscription: 'Mr. Plausible Gabb, Lunar Cheese Importation Company (Limited),' and selecting a key from the bunch at his girdle, he admitted us to the cell. Its occupant was sitting moodily on a low pallet in one corner of the room. The cell was clean and neat, but, with the exception of the pallet and a three-legged stool, completely unfurnished.

'We adopt the separate system for this class of offenders, you see,' said the apparitor. We do not, however, think it well to leave them without any intellectual occupation;' and as he spoke he pointed to a share-list, framed, against one of the walls of the cell.

'At stated periods,' he continued, 'these prisoners are led out for punishment. But stay; this ward looks out on to the punishment-yard, and I believe that punishment is just about to begin.'

We followed our guide to one of the windows of the ward and looked out. In the centre of the court-yard beneath was placed a large office-table, with a row of drawers let into each of its supporting pedestals, while close to it stood a wooden Glastonbury chair. The court-yard was untenanted when we first looked out into it, but after a few moments a bell rang, and a portly, eminently respectable-looking shade emerged from one of the cells beneath us opening out into the court-yard, approached the table, and seated himself in the chair.

'That, gentlemen,' said the apparitor, indicating him, 'is an ex-director and principal promoter of the Cucumber and Patent Sunbeam Company, Limited, which failed so disastrously some years ago. Observe him, if you please.'

As he said these words, the spirit in the chair, having looked cautiously around him, produced from the recesses of a garment, whose character I am forbidden to describe, a small key, with which he unlocked the drawers of the two pedestals, and proceeded to transfer their contents to the surface of the table. These contents consisted of piles of gold and silver coin, bank notes, bills, bonds, and valuable securities of all kinds. In a short time the table in front of him was completely covered with the glittering and rustling mass, into which the spirit, bending forward, plunged his arms up to the elbows, while his eyes gleamed with an unearthly delight. When at the height of his avaricious triumph, the bell again sounded, and a crowd of spirits thronged into the court-yard. With one accord they rushed across the intervening space, making towards the table at which the ex-director sat. A banker's clerk, followed by eight children, was the first to reach

it, closely pressed by a country clergyman with a still larger family. A host of other spirits, of various classes and callings, followed behind. Petty tradesmen, small farmers, needy professional men, maiden ladies—all thronged and jostled each other round the table, and began helping themselves in handfuls to the money which lay upon it. Shriek after shriek rang from the lips of the ex-director, but a mysterious power seemed to paralyse his motions and to prevent his stirring a limb to resist his plunderers. His arms were outstretched over the table rigid and motionless, a few inches only above his cherished gold, but the straining fingers could not lower themselves even one inch to clutch it, and the hundred-handed crowd swept the pieces unresisted from beneath his palms. At last all was gone but a scanty pile of notes and gold in one corner of the table. A widow approached and carried it off, apparently well satisfied. The spell was broken, and the wretched spirit flung himself forward upon the table in an agony of tears.

'The punishment is concluded,' said the apparitor, who had been an unmoved spectator of the scene, 'that is, for to-day. It is repeated periodically during the whole of the prisoner's detention.'

'How often!' enquired the M.P.

'Every Stock Exchange account-day,' was the reply. 'This particular prisoner has undergone it upwards of fifty times. There is a marked improvement in his bearing since the course was first commenced. His shrieks, although still somewhat loud, have lost much of the piercing shrillness they once had. He will soon have learnt to witness the removal of his money from the table with scarcely any emotion. Not, however, until he voluntarily sends for those he has wronged, and offers to divide his money rateably amongst them, will his reformation be considered complete enough to warrant his discharge from prison. But you have seen enough, I imagine, in this ward; let us pass on to the next, if you have no objection.'

We assented, and retraced our steps to the central corridor, our guide carefully securing behind him the ponderous door of the ward which we had left.

We proceeded a few yards further along the corridor, and the apparitor again halted before a ward on the right hand, over whose arched door we read the inscription: 'PHALARIS WARD. CRUELTY TO THE WEAK.'

'This does, indeed, surprise and humiliate me,' said the M.P. 'I thought that in England at least we restrained man from ill-treating his weaker brother.'

'His weaker brother, possibly,' replied our guide coldly; 'you seem to have forgotten two classes of beings who, though not man's brothers, are considerably weaker than he.'

'You refer to ——'

'Women and animals, or animals and women,' said the apparitor; 'forgive me if I mistake the order of precedence.'

'Women!' exclaimed the M.P. 'Surely, sir, the English law at least protects *them*.'

'Protects them!' cried the apparitor, for the first time moved, and speaking with a lofty indignation which overawed us. 'Be silent, sir, for very shame. Do you think the shameful inequalities of your law are unnoticed here? Do you think that when a poor man, guilty of a petty theft, leaves one of your police courts with a heavier sentence than the ruffian who has beaten his wife into a senseless bloody mass—do you think, I say, that we in Hades look upon such a spectacle unmoved?'¹

Silent and abashed we followed our guide into the ward. This time he did not open the door of any of the cells, but led us directly to the window and bade us look out into the punishment-yard.

We startled in surprise at what we saw there.

The sole occupant of the yard appeared to be a mortal! Yes, there was no mistaking the form and texture of that fleshly garment which we had left behind us—it already seemed so long ago. The being in the court beneath us was a mortal, and, to judge by his brutal features, a mortal of the most degraded type.

'I understand your surprise,' said the apparitor; 'you are looking at the punishment jacket; it has always to be used for prisoners of this kind.'

'The punishment jacket?' we repeated.

'Yes,' was the reply. 'You don't imagine that any punishment which we have could affect the *spirit* of such a fellow as that. Why, you can hardly even *see* his spirit, so mean and small is it when it first arrives in Hades. No: we have to send up to the earth for his body, and re-clothe the immortal spirit—save the mark!—with the gross earthly shell that contains the only feelings which he ever possessed; and *then*, and not till then, are we able to apply any corrective agent. Hence we speak of his body here—as the punishment-jacket.'

At this moment a body of warders, armed with stout canes, hurried into the yard, and began belabouring the prisoner with the

¹ On Saturday, April 13, Henry Harris was tried at the Surrey Sessions for having picked up certain tickets in the street tramways carriages and sold them. He was sentenced to a *year's imprisonment with hard labour*.

On the same day Charles Westhorp, was tried for having so beaten Bridget Macdonald, his mistress, that her eyeball had to be removed, and for having, on her returning to him from the hospital, struck the injured socket with such force as to cause it to bleed. Mr. Commissioner Kerr described the offence as an every-day occurrence. He was sentenced to *four months' imprisonment with hard labour*.

heartiest good-will. The fellow roared and bellowed in the most contemptible fashion, darting here and there to avoid the attacks of his tormentors, who stuck to him like a swarm of bees, administering their blows the while with a strength which I should not have believed their shadowy frames to possess. At last the punishment was completed, the warders retired, and the wretched criminal sank whimpering down in the centre of the yard, the large tears of self-pity trickling down his unprepossessing face.

‘The worst punishment is to come,’ whispered our guide.

As he uttered the words the door of the yard was thrown open, and the shade of a woman rushed towards the prostrate man, and began to cover him with the tenderest caresses and to lavish upon him the most endearing expressions of condolence.

Immediately the ruffian sprang to his feet with a bitter curse, and fiercely reviling the woman as the cause of his recent sufferings, aimed a terrible blow at her face. It fell innocuous upon her shadowy features. A volley of kicks and cuffs followed, but the woman remained erect, calm, unhurt, her arms still outstretched towards the late partner of her joys and sorrows, looking upon him with the same pitying smile. At length, exhausted by his efforts, he sank down, and again subsided into sullen tears, and once more the woman drew near to him and caressed him.

‘That,’ remarked the apparitor; ‘is the part of the punishment which this kind of prisoner feels most.’

‘Ah!’ exclaimed the poet, ‘you mean the wife’s beautiful forgiveness of his past brutality.’

‘Not at all,’ replied the other drily. ‘I mean his exasperating inability to hurt her. It has also the strongest reformatory effect. It is not till he feels that she is stronger than himself that he first begins to appreciate her forbearance towards him. In time he will accept her ministrations after each beating without resentment, and even with gratitude. The process is exceedingly slow with these prisoners, but we have known them at last to express regret that in a past state of existence they ever jumped upon their wives.’

‘And now,’ continued our guide, retracing his steps to the central corridor, ‘you have seen as much, perhaps, as you would care to see. The other, and by far the larger portions of the prison—four-fifths, in fact, of the whole—are occupied by cases of *that* stamp;’ and he pointed as he spoke to a door over which was inscribed the words ‘CARNIVOROUS WARD. CRUELTY TO THE DUMB.’ ‘The punishment of these criminals,’ continued he, ‘varies much in severity, as, indeed, do the degrees of their respective guilt, embracing as it does every shade of crime, from deliberate barbarity to the thoughtless cruelty which is the result

merely of habit and example, and of a lax popular morality on the subject of human amusements;' and he glanced for a moment at the country gentleman.

'But four-fifths!' exclaimed the poet—'four-fifths of this vast building devoted to cases like this? Surely you exaggerate.'

'Exaggerate!' cried the apparitor, again deeply moved. 'You speak as a mortal speaks. What man knows, or, knowing, would dare to think of that eternal tale of wrong and cruelty which ascends night and day from the dumb creatures to the dumb skies? But draw near for one moment, and look, if you can bear it, on the spectacle which is ever before the eyes of those imprisoned here.'

We looked down from the window at which he stood. A vast courtyard was spread below, filled with dumb animals in every form and attitude of pain—overdriven oxen, dusty and staggering, faint and bleeding from the goad; overladen horses, prostrate beneath their too great burdens, wealed and quivering from the cruel lash; the dog, stunned by the kicks and blows of a brutal master, drawing breath painfully beneath his broken ribs, yet ever looking round with a wistful eye for the savage face he still loved, his tongue ready to lick the merciless hand; nearer to us, and directly beneath, a crowd of wild things in the slow agonies of a lingering death—the bursting flanks and glazing eye of the hunted fox—the rumped, bloody mass of feathers which was once a bird. A confused murmur ascended constantly from the dying crowd below—a murmur in which we ever and anon distinguished the dull lowing of the tortured cattle, or the piteous whine of the dog, or the child-like shriek of the wounded hare. The very air around seemed heavy and faint with the fumes of suffering. We turned from the window sick with horror.

'It is enough,' said the apparitor, whom not all his familiarity with had hardened to the scene; 'let us leave this place. And you, sir,' he added sternly to the country gentleman, and pointing towards the wild animals below, 'remember and reflect upon what you have witnessed.'

The squire returned no answer, but appeared wrapped in remorseful reflections.

[To be continued.]

A SONG OF THE YOUTHS.

BY ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

Lo, in the palace, lo, in the street,
 Beautiful beyond measure;
 Yea, gods or women, for glory and sweet—
 The youths, the princes of pleasure !

Idle and crowned in the long day's sun ;
 Turbulent, passionate, sad ;
 Full of the soul of the deed to be done,
 Or the thought of the joy latest had ;
 They walk their way through the crowds that run ;
 They pass through the crowds that part ;
 And the women behold them, and each knows one,
 How mighty he is in her heart.

Lo, in the palace, lo, in the street,
 Beautiful beyond measure ;
 Yea, gods for glory and women for sweet—
 The youths, the princes of pleasure !

They win with the vehemence of their souls,
 With the swiftness of their fame ;
 Their strong and radiant look controls
 And smiles the world to shame.
 Their rule is large, and, like fair lords,
 They lavish a goodly treasure :
 They live of the joy the world affords,
 And they pay the world with pleasure.

One passes bright through the crowd down there,
Named and known of repute ;

One hath a scandal of rich flowing hair,
And the musical tongue of a lute ;

O the women beholding, who thrill and say :
While that one stays on the earth,
I can have, in the secret of night or of day,
More delight than a man's life is worth !

O the woman who says in the midst of the crowd :
Beautiful riotous one,
Do I not know you through semblance and shroud,
Even as I see the sun ?

Burning and swift, and divine you are ;
But I have you all to treasure ;
Women may love you, but mine you are,
And prince of the princes of pleasure !

Lo, in the palace, lo, in the street,
Beautiful beyond measure ;
Yea, gods for glory and women for sweet—
The youths, the princes of pleasure !

A REAL EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

BY AMELIA LEWIS.

III.

IN saying that Nature has placed in woman's hands the fostering care of humanity, we gave a firm basis to regulate female education by ; in advocating, as the principal means to gain a sound education, the thorough study of our own native language, and the complete acquisition of the primary science of 'numbers,' we indicated the first step to become fitted for such fostering care ; and in adding that the very beginning of mental culture must go hand-in-hand with physical training, we directed female education into healthy channels.

On this ground-work must be built any superstructure of further attainments ; not in *pêle mêle* confusion, merely suggesting in a desultory manner that the study of any and every subject fits girls for the general duties of life, but on a rational plan, gaining by each step another useful addition to the first basis.

It is probable that we look first in life *around* us, that means into the present, not *behind* us, that means into the past ; and yet the knowledge of the past, or history—not even its spirit, but its isolated facts—is considered far more important than the slightest acquaintance with those physical powers which are the very substance of our life. To our view natural philosophy, in however simplified a form, is the first step to higher culture ; to give the minds of girls, inclined as they are towards imaginative and emotional fluctuations, some steady purpose, let them early comprehend those laws by which the great natural phenomena are guided. Let them have some insight into the actual powers that underlie creation, and let them know the primary facts of the various branches in natural history. We do not at all go beyond girls' province in this assertion of ours, natural history is taught in Prussian schools to mere children beginning with seven years.

It would scarcely be possible to think that people could live in a house without wishing to become acquainted with its various apartments ; in the same way we might consider it self-evident that we should

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desire to know something of the globe we inhabit, and combine this study of man's habitation with the study of his career and development, that is, combine geography and history. A great educationalist in Berlin, Ritter, has established a method of uniting the two, and if, particularly with girls, clearness of perception—how the earth is formed and how the various people in it have occupied different dwelling places, have risen to greatness and gone to decay, making way for others, who are *actually* flourishing—is to be produced, then we cannot teach one branch of knowledge without referring to the other. Such instruction will force upon pupils the conviction that they are dealing with real life, not with dead forms. The first cause of a nation's individual development is the climatic influence under which it lives, and the productive power of the land it inhabits. For girls it is absolutely necessary to know something of the industrial progress of peoples; it brings home to them, in positive facts, the necessity of useful employments, the utter absurdity of allowing life to be a dead heap of selfish and inane occupations, that centre only upon individual gratification.

Suppose girls are becoming gradually acquainted with their own mother tongue, are grasping the science of numbers, are beginning to understand the laws of Nature, and acquiring some knowledge of the globe and its former and present inhabitants, with their industrial occupations; what is the next step in rational education? The knowledge of a science until now utterly ignored, because only in our day are we becoming aware that individual life composes the particles of social life, and that such a thing as 'social economy, or science' exists; combined with it is domestic economy, and both are of the highest importance in the education of girls. Households and nations have to be directed by *method* founded on sound principles and correct information, and if either one or the other is under the influence of wayward, uncertain management, we may be sure, to ruin it will go. However clear our perception may be in this matter, unless from early days the value of method and system has been inculcated on the mind, the finest talent and best intentioned will must fail to obtain useful results in life. All government is nothing, but method applied to the management of a nation's large household and 'social science and economy,' comprise both the wider and narrower sphere.

To this social economy appertain many subjects, as the knowledge of maintaining the health of the body, of undertaking the preparation of food and understanding the suitableness of clothing and dwelling, and from a larger point of view the duties which bind individuals to communities. There is no superfine learning in such branches of instruction; on the contrary, they form the staple not the fanciful forms on which education should be moulded.

As the mind imperceptibly grows in actual knowledge, so should instruction be given in guiding girls' senses to artistic development. Sound information is the sap of life, but that sap may take graceful forms, and so may the well-instructed mind blend with the agreeable cultivation of the senses, of sight and hearing, expressed in drawing and music. Again we say begin early, teach the eye to see and the hand to form what it sees ; teach the ear to hear melody, and the voice to imitate what it hears ; by such teaching will you give the first blow to immorality in after life. If our senses find agreeable and useful occupation, and our limbs fair play, immoral desires of whatever kind, can never gain sway over us, and the more girls, who are unfortunately now the inheritors of feeble minds and weakened frames, are trained in rational sound ways of instruction and cultivation, the more will their strengthened nature re-act upon the male sex, and guide them to purer ways of living.

The acquisition of foreign tongues, however useful and conducive to real universal happiness and mutually good understanding of the human race, is not the primary object of a girl's education ; when the first subjects of paramount home importance are being attended to, then subjoin the teaching of the modes how other peoples express their thoughts, and let us not forget, that if we have taught girls to understand properly the signs that express their own language, it will be merely a matter of short time to train the muscles of the mouth in forming the sounds of other languages. Even such knowledge of sounds would be useless unless we can make learners of French and German understand the spirit of these languages, and particularly teach girls the development of the literature of other nations.

Our subjects may appear too multifarious to many people ; it is a mistake. Where real forms of rational teaching are understood, one part of knowledge glides naturally into the other, and helps to form a corollary of sequences that alone can be called education. And here we come to the vital question—what is rational teaching ?

There is perhaps no part of the great educational phase now stirring the nation less understood than that of teaching. In our anxiety to let children learn, we forget that we must first learn ourselves how to teach, and that particularly the instruction of girls should counteract the evil effects of early, purposeless nursery training. When girls' education will be considered of equal importance with that of boys', then shall we become fully aware of the terrible criminal neglect under which girls have laboured ; it is not astonishing that there is so little moral stamina in modern female existence ; it is far more astonishing that society is not near dissolution under such a one-sided system of useful development.

The natural capabilities and instincts of woman must be of the very highest order, or she would have utterly succumbed under this educational neglect of centuries, and she must possess an unbounded vitality to try and right herself in some way, as she is doing now.

Let us take the other case. Let us suppose men to have been neglected, and women to have been favoured in educational means; what would have been the result?—a most disastrous deterioration of the male sex. But it will be said this neglect would be impossible, as men *must* be trained to gain a living. How many branches of this system of gaining a living are not partially at work for men's crimes, faults, and shortcomings? The clerical profession rebukes our sins, the legal profession indulges them, and the medical feeds on them; all three would be better employed in maintaining bodily and moral health than in curing bodily and mental disease. And to what efforts, to what expense of means, time, and energy does the preparation for these three professions not lead? While the little girl, who is to be a good mother and a sensible wife, is left in the shade, her brother is endued with an immense amount of importance, as being a boy, and having to prepare himself to be a 'curer of humanity,' when the very cure would become far less needed if the girl's influence were allowed to come into full action and righteous play.

The teaching of girls requires a most thorough investigation. Such books have been until now in use as preclude utterly any development of girls' minds. The method of short questions and sharp answers, to be learnt by heart, is not only so much time and energy thrown away, but it dulls receptive faculties, and chokes up reflective powers. What an annual income must 'Magnall's Questions' not have brought? This book has been actually filled up, in its new editions, by more bits of odd information on subjects of the most various meaning; would it not be best to take it and all its brothers and sisters and make a great, big holocaust of them before they can torture children's—particularly poor girls'—brains any more, and introduce the oddest notions of ancient and modern history into them? The information may be all right, but it is worse than useless, it is mischievous in its effect, if doled out in small, homœopathic particles to minds that do not know what to do with it, or where to place it. These are all lazy books, originated for the indulgence of the teacher and the torment and loss of the learner.

Children, particularly girls, are beings with ideas, with living, active mental organisations, stretching out little sensitive tendrils that 'want to know.' Now, the teacher is not only to satisfy that want, but also to originate it, and remain in constant connection with it; the teacher must therefore be the book of questions and answers; *he* or *she* must know the facts, must have learnt to combine them, and bring them

home to the child in that form. The teachers must in fact become inventors themselves, authors themselves. Half of our instruction books are worse than waste paper; and neither are means taken to get really thoughtful and competent men and women, who can adapt their system to the various stages of instruction, to write instruction books, nor are teachers' seminaries instituted in which the 'art of teaching' is made the first and most conspicuous subject. All we possess in cultivation we owe to those who have gone before us, and in our time conscience is being awakened that our preparation should be the *gain* of those who come after us, since every age does really of necessity depend on its predecessor. Education is therefore in the ascendant; but it must be education, not a make-believe; money, if spent on this object, should be spent soundly and well.

The general education which we advocate for all girls, and on which may be engrafted what more extended education is thought necessary, requires, above all, sound teaching. Where and how can it be obtained? We must candidly own that we do not trust ourselves to speak on the subject of girls' education in comparison to boys', our indignation might get the better of us and shock our readers; but when we look to Germany, to countries where English wealth is unknown, and where female general education is as tenderly nursed as male, then we must say that rich, wealthy England had better awaken from its torpor, and not show such utter indifference to the demands made upon it.

We have a college preparing for the Cambridge University examination; we have local examinations of four universities; we have ladies' colleges with professorial lectures, but we have, besides the attempts of two or three brave ladies to establish something like general schools on the pattern of grammar-schools, no agency whatever for that rational sound early education, which alone can benefit the female sex *in toto*.

This we demand, for this we have drawn out our scanty plan, and this only can in any way meet the necessities of the case. Large public schools, where they are practicable; properly trained teachers; regular examinations; *no* prizes, but certificates of various degrees; governesses that have qualified themselves to teach, where home education *must* be adopted, and private schools over which ladies preside, not from need, but from capability, such are the first remedies of a state of things that must soon become a scandal to the nation. We cannot compute the exact amount of pecuniary means expended by funded property annually for boys' education, but we know it reaches *millions*; we don't *beg* for a share, we say, shame on the men that can withhold a share of it from the girls.

Why do not some courageous women make a tour of inspection abroad to become acquainted with female education there, and bring home

their experience? There are women with means who might do so; we call upon *them* to answer our wish, and on their return force the nation into active enterprise. Such a journey would do more to alleviate the ills 'mankind is heir to,' than many costly institutions on which funds are now wasted; in fact, till women's sound education is recognised as a primary *national* need, we must bear with a good deal of wrong and senseless immorality.

POEMS.

BY SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, BART.

ANDALUSIAN CANZONET FROM THE FRENCH OF THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

DOWN-SLIDING from my snow-white bosom,
 Fell lost a red carnation blossom
 Within the whirling river.
 Alas ! that blossom how recover,
 By the rude torrent washed all over,
 Then borne away for ever ?
 Oh, lovely flowret, earth's bright daughter,
 Why trust the stream, to ruin hasting ?
 Had I not tears enough to water
 Thy sweet life, slowly wasting ?

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

AMID the green brook-fringing grasses,
 Droops Helen, with her young hopes shattered.
 O'er brow and arm, in shining masses,
 The golden curls are scattered.

Her white feet play within the river,
 As throbs her heart, so play they faster,
 With sand and foam-bells troubling ever,
 Each chrystal wave flung past her.

From a branch o'er the bright flood leaning,
 To watch each shadow as it glances,
 A bird sings with such force and meaning,
 She hears (it seems) not fancies

Remonstance warbled thus : ' Oh, maiden,
Why taint my pure stream thus ? Why wrong her ?
With sand, and foam, and tears o'erladen,
She mirrors heaven no longer.

The sun, the moon, the stars within her,
Lost nothing of their living beauty.
Depart then, leaving Time to win her
Back to the light of duty.

The maiden murmured, yes ! too surely
She brightens when I am not near her.
The blue sky, since she floweth purely,
Holds her as dear, or dearer.

But woe is me—for endless sorrow—
A maiden's soul, unlike this river,
Once darkened, knows no brighter morrow.
Her heaven is gone for ever.

FROM HEINE.

A PINE tree standeth lonely
On a bleak northern hill.
And sleeps with ice surrounded
With snow that falleth still.
There is one palm he dreams of,
Far in the morning land,
Who mourns alone, and silent,
Mid rocks and burning sand.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE ABOVE.

THEY dream, but dreams are of the night ;
Will not the sun rise by-and-by ?
Or is the hope that thirsts for light
Only a mocking lie ?

A wond'rous dawn may wake, and turn
To floods of life the phantom snows,
Whilst desert sands that drift and burn,
Shall blossom as the rose.

The pine and palm may feel that then
Both cold and heat, and Time and Space,
On Polar crag, in tropic glen,
To other laws give place.

Through them, whilst the young heavens grow rife
With joy, and amaranth fragrance sweet,
Distance dies off from spirit life,
That severed hearts may meet.

Oh leave that thought to float above,
Each parching leaf, each blighted bough ;
It breathes of hope, it breathes of love,
It worketh on—even now,

In the dark pine's despairing breast,
To melt the bitter frost of pain ;
And on his drooping palm tree's crest
Falls like the early rain.

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A MORNING PERFORMANCE ;•

OR, A TUDOR VISION.

BY H. SHÜTZ WILSON.



‘What were the wise man’s plan ?
Through this sharp, toil-set life
To fight as best he can,
And win what’s won by strife.’

Matthew Arnold.

‘And for my part, if only one allow
The care my labouring spirits take in this,
He is to me a theatre large enow,
And his applause only sufficient is.’

Daniel.

IN one of the closing years of the great sixteenth century—towards the end of the spacious times of great Elizabeth, and of the life of the last Tudor monarch—a father and a son were speaking eagerly together in the great bay window of the old Hall of Greyscote, in Kent. The subject of their talk was a theme often discussed, but never yet settled, between them—the question, namely, of the future career and prospects of the young man. The son wished to push his fortune, and the fortunes of his house, by sailing with Raleigh, or by fighting under Vere; the father desired to keep his only child with him and at home. The father was sitting in the deep embrasure of the mullioned window, while the son, booted and spurred, stood by him, and looked from time to time restlessly through the window into the court, in which a noble bay horse, held by a servant, stood tossing his proud head, and rattling the chains of bit and curb. The futile talk exhausted itself; the father turned wearily to his book, while the son, with an eager and elastic step, passed out of the room into the court, and mounting lightly into the saddle, whistled to his dogs, and rode away into the July day. Fair shone the summer sun on lovely, leafy Kent, as the young horseman galloped gaily towards his tryst of love; sadly streamed the sunbeams on the bowed form of the pale father, who, in the still noon, forgot to read, and sat with clasped hands—thinking, thinking, thinking!

Francis Grey, the father, a poor gentleman of fallen fortunes, was a sad and soured man. Long a widower, he loved his only son intensely, though with a weak and selfish fondness. He had for many years withdrawn from all active struggle with a world in which he lacked force to push his fortunes. The family had suffered heavily, and had lost title, wealth, and land, in the Wars of the Roses. Once depressed it had remained unfortunate. It had not produced since its first declension a man of mark or energy enough to raise it to its former greatness. Francis Grey lived on dreamily in his old hall of Greyscote, though only a portion of the great house was inhabited, while neglect and decay slowly saddened or beautified the once stately mansion. His establishment consisted of a few old servants, and his stables contained more stalls than horses. Round about Greyscote the county was studded with the splendid homes of more prosperous and more wealthy families; but Francis Grey, a proud, reserved man, brooding moodily and morbidly over his fallen fortunes, rather shunned intercourse with his wealthy and powerful neighbours. The Greys were related by marriage or consanguinity to the Sidneys of Penshurst, and to the Pembrokes of Wilton; though Francis Grey, querulous and inert, resenting secretly the prosperity of others, and feeling irritably his own decadence, did not keep up much intercourse with his renowned relatives. He had been, in his youth, a somewhat studious man; and retaining a lingering love for scholarship, he still killed time through many a long, calm hour by reading Latin authors, in the stagnant stillness of life in weary, sleepy Greyscote.

Vainly would the archæologist or the poet now search for Greyscote. The old hall exists no more. It passed into the hands of other lords than those who, for so many generations, had lived and ruled there. Sorely damaged in the Parliamentary wars, fire completed the ruin which assault began; and in the reign of Charles II. the old house was burned to the ground. The only traces now left of the once stately ancestral home are a few stumps of grey ruined wall standing up in fields, and overgrown with ivy. The house is gone, and its place knows it no more.

The house had, it is probable, been originally a moated manor-house, or walled grange, dating from that Edwardian epoch in which the gentry, who stood below the great nobles, built mansions which were not wholly castles. It may have occupied the site of an earlier castle—destroyed perhaps, in the struggles of the Roses wars. It had been greatly added to and altered in the days of Henry VII., when one Walter de Grey brought great wealth to his house by marriage. He would seem, however, to have spent his money in building, since his three successors—including the father and the grandfather of Francis Grey—were poor men, who made no mark in life. The house in the years which preceded

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the death of Queen Elizabeth combined characteristics which may be in part suggested to readers of this day by a combination of Penshurst, or a small Knole, based upon Igtham manor-house. Greyscote was half grange, half court.

The son whom we have seen riding away from the Hall was Herbert Grey, so named after his godfather, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. Herbert Grey had all the energy which his father lacked. He had those qualities which might either form or restore the fortunes of a house, and he longed to repair Greyscote and to renew its glories. Strong and active, fond of riding, of fencing, and of all knightly exercise, Master Herbert had in him also a touch of love for the sonnet, and was especially fond of the Arcadia of his great kinsman and neighbour of Penshurst, and of that anatomy of wit, the Euphues of John Lyly. Herbert was full of youth, of noble young enthusiasms, forces, desires. He might have sat to Shakspeare as a model for Bassanio, or to Scott, as a suggestion for a knightly young cadet of romance. Though fond of poetry he had, nevertheless, no tendency to spend half his nights and all his days in a cell, to get a dark, pale face, and to come forth worth the ivy and the bays. Thrilling with life, he longed for action. He dreamed of sailing with Drake or Raleigh, of fighting against Spain and Rome in the Low Countries; and he always thought, with the thought natural to an Englishman in days in which the ancestral home was the centre of life, of returning, after winning knighthood, to settle at Greyscote, which should once more blaze with light and bray with minstrelsy. The lad's education had been desultory, though not badly suited to develope his character. He had been brought up in early youth by a tutor, indoors, and by a huntsman in the open air.

At sixteen—for men went early to College in the days of Elizabeth—he was entered at Corpus Christi, Cambridge. He passed with fair distinction through his academic career, though his renown was as great for sports, for sword-play, or for inditing an occasional sonnet, as it was for the classics. Herbert had in him a strong strain of romance, and a deeply-seated enthusiastic patriotism. He dreamed of love, and he longed for adventure, with the quaint ardour characteristic of his age and day. His ideal hero was Sir Philip Sidney. Popular as Sir Philip was with all noble English youth, Herbert took in him the nearer interest of relationship. He remembered well what little he had seen in his boyhood of Sidney. He remembered also how the 'heavens were hung with black,' and gloom fell upon all England, when, in 1585, the news came home of the early and heroic death of the poet-soldier at Zutphen. Youth, in Elizabeth's time, did not want for high ideals or for noble models.

In those days life in English country-houses lived its daily course very

quietly and leisurely. The great clock in the turret ticked, the sunshine slanted in the court, the snow lay upon the roof, and day succeeded day in monotonous stillness and calm. Public news travelled slowly, and home events were few. The father was restless with querulous discontent; the son, when he returned from college, was eager with longings for action. In Herbert's boyhood he had looked wistfully after the gentle knight as Sir Philip rode away on horseback from Penshurst to London. Herbert became restless at home; he longed to go to London; he thought that in London he could not fail to make a career and to win a name. In London was the court, the playhouse, the tilt-yard. From London started the great captains for war by land or sea. To London were attracted all ambitious and enterprising spirits, and to London Herbert longed more strongly day by day to go. His father could not bear to part with his son; he postponed decision and kept the youth at home in still and lonely Greyscote, which Herbert filled with the yearnings of active and dreaming youth. He sported, rode, and read; he pined, and fretted, and wearied; until, in the opening of his twentieth year, love came to the young student of the *Arcadia* and the *Sonnets*, and stirred up life to sweet but turbulent unrest.

Master Herbert had placed his love highly, as beseemed a young dreamer of romance.

It was placed indeed too high for hope. Fair Mistress Lettice, then nearly the same age as Herbert, was the daughter of old Sir Robert Heygate of Holmswood, and was one of the richest heiresses in the county.

The position of an heiress, *temp.* Elizabeth, was that of a great prize, as Portia was in Belmont.

If the four winds did not blow in from every sea renowned suitors to Lettice Heygate, yet Kent, and even the adjacent counties furnished pretenders enough for a hand so fair and so full: although Herbert was the only aspirant who had received from her bright eyes 'fair speechless messages.' It was certain that her family would never tolerate as a suitor the heir of fallen Greyscote; it was unlikely that a girl surrounded by suitors would be left unmarried until Master Herbert should succeed in winning the fame and fortune that he meant to achieve. Love's present is, however, so dear to youth, that lovers are not frightened by the shadow of the future; and Mistress Lettice and Master Herbert, artful with the instinctive cunning of love, found frequent opportunities of meeting, and found those meetings so dear, that dread was never felt until they parted. In those sunny hours in the hall, or in those stolen interviews in the park, in which the deer crouched amid the fern, or sheltered beneath the oak, Mistress Lettice dreamed not that she should become the stately wife of a noble earl, and Master Herbert divined not

that he should be the last heir of Greyscote. Francis Grey was too proud to have sanctioned, had he known of it, his son's vain suit for the white hand of the wealthy heiress, and Herbert knew that he could not reckon upon his father's help. Fair Lettice also knew (though she did not quite know that she knew), that her parents would never approve the addresses of one so poor as her Herbert, and so the young lovers, happy in the ignorant present, were led to love on in secret without seeking a sanction which would have led to instant severance. They were young, and fair, and fond. They loved and dreamed, but did not think of hope. The future might be dim, but the present was ecstasy.

Of course, such a passion could not remain very long undetected. Perhaps custom made the lovers neglect caution; perhaps very great happiness is not made to last, but certain it is that the young lovers were rudely shaken from their dream of security. They were seen together and watched. Their interviews were reported to the parents, and there ensued a quarrel between the houses. Mistress Lettice was closely watched, or even locked up, and Herbert was forbidden angrily by his father to see her again. Friends interfered, and a very pretty and pretty general quarrel was soon the result.

The lovers, as a matter of course, presently found means to meet; but on this occasion they were not allowed to meet in peace. The parents of Mistress Lettice had found a suitor whom they approved, and this gentleman, the Earl of Faversham, having received some notice of the interview, or impelled by the cunning of jealousy, watched Lettice as she stole through the summer gloaming into the deer park, and followed quickly on her flying steps. The approved suitor summoned Lettices' father, and while the lovers whispered softly, standing together beneath the broad shadow of the 'Lady's Oak,' the father and the rival rushed upon them, and the lovers were separated. Then ensued a stormy quarrel; reproaches, threats, tears, protestations. In the temper in which Herbert was, an antagonist was a godsend to him, and the rivals exchanged words of such high disdain and bitter insult, that before the interview terminated the two gentlemen understood that if either were walking very early next morning in a particular part of the park, he might expect to see the other, who, as usual, would wear his sword that morning. In fact, at five next morning the rivals might have been seen stealing quietly to a meeting in the park, at which meeting they purposed to practise the art which Rowland Yorke imported into England. They had no witnesses of their own selecting, but a forester, one John Wyatt, who was about early to look after the deer, saw the rivals, at once divined their purpose, and ran off to the hall to summon help and to fetch a chirurgeon.

While John Wyatt, the forester, was thus hasting for help, the combat commenced. After brief and stern salutation, the rivals threw off their cloaks and doublets, laid aside sword-belts and sheaths, and gravely measured the length of the bright blades. Herbert was possessed by one fixed idea, which had entirely dominated his mind since the quarrel. He saw ever before him the sad eyes of Lettice, and he glowed with a deep angry indignation at the scornful rival who, unloved of Lettice, would yet, because he was an Earl, and spacious in the possession of dirt, come between him and her. Herbert's white heat of rage shut out the thought of danger and excluded the idea of death. His opponent, some five or six years older than Herbert, was cold with a haughty dislike, which longed to remove a favoured rival, and to chastise impertinence.

The morning was bright and calm ; the early sunbeams shone softly on the trunks of the great trees, and on the sparkling grass. They had selected an open space of short and tolerably level turf, near a row of noble elms. The birds were chirping in the boughs, the coney rustled in the near fern, as, armed each with rapier and with dagger, the opponents approached each other. With locked lips and steady-gazing eyes, which reflected an intense look of fixed and dangerous purpose, they came within range, and the bright blades flashed as they clinked in crossing.

It was Herbert's first duel, and he was too rash. The swords—keen, cold, sharp—played round each other, edge to edge, as the rivals feinted for an opening. Suddenly Herbert darted in a rapid lunge in *carte*, which his opponent parried with his dagger, and Herbert sprang backwards just in time to get out of the range of a dangerous *riposte*. They re-engaged, but more slowly, and with more wary determination, until, after several passes and parries, Herbert was slightly wounded in the dagger arm. This scratch intensified Herbert's resolution, and the swift, clear steel gleamed and sparkled as the swords flashed rapidly to and fro between the rivals, who were growing incensed with the very lust and heat and ardour of combat. Twice they paused, and drew back out of range. Neither spoke a word : each knew that the other was a good swordsman and a brave man. Herbert was the more active, and more impulsive in attack ; but his antagonist was strong in his parades, and very skilful in riposting. Herbert grew more desperate, and attacked yet more fiercely. His rival drew back a step, and, after feinting in *tierce*, lunged swiftly. Herbert half parried the fierce thrust, but was again scratched—this time in the left shoulder. Ten minutes, at least, had passed since they commenced, and neither could find out the point in which his antagonist was weaker than himself. In the midst of a desperate rally, Herbert bethought him of a *botte* taught him by an

Italian fencing-master, and, amid the quick darting of the blinding steel, his sword passed through his opponent's guard, and entered deep into the body.

As Herbert withdrew his sword, and stood on guard, the Earl fell heavily. Just at that instant the forester, John Wyatt, came running very fast, followed at some little distance by several other persons, also hurrying, but not able to keep up with the fleet-footed keeper. Wyatt, who saw the Earl's fall, shouted as he ran, to Herbert :

'Fly, Master Herbert ! fly, and save yourself ! I will look to the Earl. Old Sir Robert, and my lady, and all of them are coming, and we have gotten a surgeon. Fly, sir ! at once ! Do not stop until the rest come up !'

Hastily snatching up his cloak and hat, Herbert sprang upon his horse, and rode off at a gallop. He could not know whether he had killed his rival, nor dared he wait to ascertain. The case was briefly explained to his father, and it was determined that Herbert should forthwith ride for London, and there seek out his godfather the Earl of Pembroke. The father promised to acquaint his son with the issue of the duel, and furnished the young fellow with money and advice. Amid the whirl of his thoughts Herbert felt that he should not be able again to see Lettice, but hoped that in London he might at length commence the career which should win her yet. He reflected with a kind of rage that the Earl would be carried to the Hall, and would be in the same house with Lettice ; but the result of the duel would, he well knew, raise him up many powerful enemies in the county, and he felt that he had no resource but flight. His brief preparations were quickly made. His father was very kind and anxious ; the good bay horse stood saddled in the courtyard ; and with a heavy heart Herbert mounted and rode rapidly off, taking the bridle path by which he had seen Sir Philip Sidney start from Penshurst for the City of the Court.

There were then no coaches and no carriage roads, and the ways were evil, difficult, and sometimes even dangerous. Herbert was young, armed, rode a good horse, and was too much occupied with his own sad thoughts to heed much of danger. He lay one night upon the road, and on the second day reached London, and put up at an hostelry in the Strand, kept by a Kentish man who came from Herbert's own part of the country, and knew well the Greys of Greyscote.

Thus Fate had suddenly brought about the fruition of a long-cherished wish. Francis Grey had steadily opposed the departure of his only son from the lonely old house ; but the duel had decided the point, and Herbert found himself in that London of which he had fondly dreamed as the place in which energy could attain to fortune. He had parted with regret from the old father, now left alone in the desolate home ; he was

anxious for news of the Earl; he was at times buoyed up by sanguine youthful hope of a successful future, but all other feelings were swallowed up in the master passion, as the young man, sitting alone in his room in the inn, in the great city, kissed a ribbon and a token, and felt his own eyes dim as he thought fondly of the dear eyes of his own gentle Lettice.

Rising the next morning, Master Herbert could not refrain from looking curiously at the royal city of which he had dreamed so often and so long. The Palace of Westminster, and York Place, as also the Savoy, then existed in their splendour. Riding down the Strand, past Somerset House, and the other riverside palaces, set in gardens, of princely nobles, he passed the Temple, and came to the Palace of Bridewell and to Baynard's Castle. Old St. Paul's still raised its stately spire, and the Tower had not then been touched by Wren. Old London Bridge, picturesque with many turrets and houses built above its narrow arches, spanned the river, which, silver and silent, was, above bridge, only stirred by the oars of princely barges, or of ordinary boats crossing from Paul's or from Somerset Place to the Southwark side. Off the Tower lay some ships of the Navy and merchant vessels, the precursors of the forest of masts of later days.

The country to north and to south of London was plainly visible from the Strand, and the streets were charming with the picturesque domestic architecture of gable, cross-beam, and lintel, which marked a home-loving people, whose energy of natural character was ennobled by a sense of the beautiful.

As Herbert rode on, marking with the fresh interest of youth all the fair sights of the strange city, he half ceased for the time to think of Mistress Lettice's golden hair, of her tender eyes, and of her delicate beauty. His sadness was dissipated by the charm of novelty and by the magic of wonder. He saw Elizabeth's London for the first time—and he was young.

Herbert soon found friends in London. He was handsome, tall, brave, and had the frank, sweet manners of noble youth. But while waiting to see the patron to whom, according to the manners of his time, he looked for help—he wrote an epistle to fair Mistress Lettice, in which he assured her of eternal fidelity, prayed her to be equally constant, and informed her of his purpose to win for her a name and fortune. This letter reached the lady; but parental control was in those days a stern and real thing; and vainly did fair Lettice hope to be allowed to wait till a poor suitor, rejected by her family, should win the fortune already possessed by others who sought her hand.

Herbert had friends of influence in London. He was received with great kindness by the Earl of Pembroke, and by that 'subject of all verse'—that Sidney's sister for whom the *Arcadia* was written. He was

presented to Burleigh, and introduced at Court, where his fresh fair face and stately figure were looked upon approvingly by the old Queen, who, during her long reign, had seen so many splendid specimens of noble English manhood. His habit, costly as his purse could buy—though that purse was not very deep—Herbert waited, and courted, and lived the life of the young gallant of the day. He heard from his father that his rival, though sorely wounded, was doing well under the hands of the surgeon; and in those days of simple faith a man's conscience was not troubled by an honourable duel. One memory kept him pure. The eyes of gentle Lettice, in the portrait which memory and passion painted in his breast, seemed to follow him everywhere. He chafed at all delays that kept him back from winning her. But for the thought of her, and of the difficulties in the way of winning her, he would have been happy in the new and splendid life of pleasure and of hope.

While in London Herbert had the good fortune to become acquainted with the gentle Southampton, and to be well liked of that cultured and courteous nobleman. Southampton shunned the court, but was constant to the playhouse. He was the friend and patron of Shakspeare, who has repaid the obligation by making him immortal in virtue of the poet's dedications to him. Southampton was one of the first to recognize the transcendent genius of the poet who wears 'the crown o' the world,' and he worshipped Shakspeare 'on this side idolatry.' Southampton had a true critical sympathy, which could value at its full worth whatever the poet could create, and not unawares he entertained an angel. The noble and the poet were friends, and often met at the wit combat at the Tavern, or, in quieter hours, in Southampton's house. In days in which all criticism was oral, Southampton had great influence in spreading the player's reputation among the noble and the refined. He urged upon Herbert the necessity of seeing one of Shakspeare's plays. The poet had just written a new play called 'Hamlet,' or 'The Tragicall Historie of the Prince of Denmark,' and had shown the manuscript to the noble, who was enthusiastic in his delight. He proposed to take Herbert to the first representation, and after a dinner in the middle of the day at an ordinary, the friends took barge to Blackfriars, and reached the theatre by three o'clock. Herbert was excited by anticipation, and Southampton criticised the cast, while he prophesied a great success for the play, which he held to be the poet's noblest work. And so Master Herbert Grey found himself for the first time in a playhouse,—in the Blackfriars Theatre in Playhouse Yard,—and was to see the first version of Shakspeare's 'Hamlet' played for the first time by Her Majesty's servants. Shakspeare, though already recognized by the judicious as a great and ever rising dramatic genius, had not then attained to the full altitude of such fame as, even in his lifetime, he acquired; but still

great expectations were excited by his new play, and the house was full of eager spectators. Herbert obtained, through Southampton's influence, a stool on the rush-covered stage itself, and sat there with Southampton and with Rutland, surrounded by other nobles and persons of rank and mark who loved plays and players. The gallants wore plumed hats, and gay cloaks, hanging from the left shoulder, over quaint and dainty doublets. Those who had come by water wore high shoes with rosettes; those whose horses were being held outside the theatre wore long boots and jingled massive spurs. Each gay hanger suspended a rapier, bell-hilted and guarded with carving, tracery, and bar; a picturesque costume, though one that never had its Van Dyck. The pit was filled with the 'groundlings,' and the house was eager to enjoy, and to criticise, through enjoyment. No journals then, or newspapers; no professional critics who wrote notices of plays for payment. Criticism was then the task of noblemen, scholars, poets, who met in the playhouse and discussed in the tavern. The judgment of the competent, disseminated orally, spread through the town and made the success of the player and the playwright. At length the house was hushed and the play began. After three soundings of the trumpet, the prologue was spoken and the curtain drew aside. The opening lines of 'Hamlet' were then spoken for the first time.

Now, to every cultured Englishman the lines of 'Hamlet' are household words; the characters are a part of our experience; the events form a portion of our romance. The play is interwoven with our lives; but on the day which I am trying to recall from oblivion to a faint and shadowy life, the words were heard, the incidents were seen, for the first time. Think of the first representation of 'Hamlet!' Think of the surprise of delight with which the lofty language of the great soliloquy was listened to! Imagine the rapture of interest with which the first spectators followed the development of the story—a story which, admirable as in itself it is, is never allowed to be more than the vehicle for those objects of art which are higher than mere story or than plot. As the play proceeded, and the events which we now know so well unfolded themselves for the first time in action, the audience was moved to the deepest emotion; although Shakspeare feared at first that his highest thoughts would remain unrecognized, and would even imperil the success of the work as a whole. The first popular judgment of 'Hamlet' was necessarily chaotic and confused. The work was so great that its full greatness could not be fully discerned at once. Men felt that they were in the presence of something utterly great, of something almost beyond the reaches of their souls, and yet—though the play was pronounced to be decidedly successful—there were divided opinions, and persons who doubted whether so much philosophy would





DRAWN BY J. A. H. BIRD.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'A MORNING PERFORMANCE.'

not endanger popularity. Southampton and a few more were, however, sagacious enough to anticipate the verdict of posterity, and to rank 'Hamlet,' at its first hearing, as a work not for an age, but for all time.

Master Herbert listened with all his soul, and was soon worked upon by the cunning of the scene. He glowed with a rare and delicate enthusiasm as he saw, living and acting before his eyes, the characters of the play, and as he listened to the sonorous roll of its majestic line. Hamlet was played by Taylor. It had been expected that the chief part would have been acted by Burbage, but Southampton told Herbert that Shakspeare had selected Taylor, because that graceful and silver-voiced player more nearly embodied Ophelia's description of the princely paragon. Burbage was as an actor greater than Taylor in passion and in power, but was inferior to Taylor in grace, in tenderness, and in high-bred charm. Instructed and inspired by Shakspeare himself, Taylor played to admiration, and looked the part to perfection. He caught from the very fountain-head that key-note of the character which he afterwards taught to Betterton, and which descended through tradition to the last great English actor—Macready.

The Ghost—a part which Garrick selected for his second character in London—was played by Shakspeare himself.

I have before me two curious letters, which have strangely escaped destruction, in the former of which Herbert, in the fresh flush of his delight, described the performance to Mistress Lettice, while in the second he, *inter alia*, recorded his impression of the poet as a player. Herbert says that Shakspeare lacked somewhat the very torrent, tempest and whirlwind of passion; that he was calm and balanced, playing best characters which centred round a certain steadfastness of grave nobleness; but that his voice was singularly sweet and stately, always tuned by an inner lofty intensity, and expressing subtly every shade of meaning or variation of feeling. The scene between Hamlet and the Ghost, acted by Taylor and by Shakspeare, produced an extraordinary effect upon the spectators; and, near as he was to the players, Master Herbert could not restrain a sort of trembling awe at the aspect of the kingly apparition. There was then so little help rendered to a play by scenery, or by the tricks and machinery of stage illusion, that players relied wholly upon their art for their effects, and imaginative acting worked upon the imagination of spectators, and enabled them to co-operate in sympathy. The house was deeply quiet, the very 'groundlings,' sometimes so noisy, were still and attentive, as the Ghost, in a sad and solemn monotone, revealed to the Prince the villany of the King. The play within the play produced the greatest excitement amongst an audience full of fine and undebauched dramatic instinct, and Master Herbert noticed with some amusement how all the players crowded to the wings

to listen as Taylor delivered, to the delight of Master Shakspeare, Hamlet's advice to the players.

The young actor who played the Queen required, as Herbert thought, the poet's admonition; nor could Ophelia always keep his voice gentle and soft and low enough; but he afterwards heard Master Shakspeare explaining to Rutland how difficult it was to procure actors who could look feminine, or enter into and express the ways, the passions, the characters of women. Master Shakspeare added, that he thought some day the women parts would be enacted by women themselves, though all those to whom he expressed this view seemed to think that the idea was but a 'devout imagination' of the poet. The gravedigger was played in a manner which recalled the memory of Tarleton, though it was thought in the house that Master Shakspeare had had Tarleton in his mind when he admonished clowns, through Hamlet, to speak no more than is set down for them. The Osric was, as Master Herbert thought, somewhat exaggeratedly fantastic, since an actor needs moderation when playing so trippingly grotesque a character; but the Horatio was very nobly rendered, and Laertes, as played by Robert Wilson, was a gallant and fiery youth. Master Herbert heard Lord Southampton whisper that surely Taylor and Wilson did somewhat overdo the fencing scene, which, to the delight of the gallants in the house, they, as Hamlet and as Laertes developed with all the minutiae of fine swordsmanship. Hamlet dead, the spectators issued from the Blackfriars, and Master Herbert observed how they spread into little knots, and how eagerly they criticised the play and the players. An objective age is the only age in which the drama can have its highest influence. In the day of great Elizabeth a great play was a great interest to spectators who read comparatively little, and who saw history, tragedy, comedy, in the living life of action.

Lord Southampton, whose character and tastes were tender and noble, was deep rather than loud in his admiration of this latest heir of Shakspeare's fame; a piece which would, he predicted, become equally the favourite of players, poets, and public.

The part of the ghost is finished early in the play, and Master Shakspeare had had time to change his dress, and now came out of the theatre to go home to his house in Southwark. He was soon surrounded by nobles, gallants, and poets, and Master Herbert had the honour of being presented by Southampton to the Warwickshire yeoman dramatist. Shakspeare had not then attained to the fullest reputation which his own day could yield him.

He had rivals in the theatre, and enemies amongst the dramatists; but there are in every age a few who can recognize the highest revelation of genius, and a small minority, headed perhaps by the grace-

ful Southampton, already felt that the greatest thing the world had done, stood before them in the flesh. Shakspeare, then a little more than thirty years of age, was, as many great poets have been, singularly handsome in face and person. Master Herbert, basing his judgment upon this and upon subsequent interviews, reports that Shakspeare was extraordinarily sweet and gentle, of a great and perfect courtesy, very quiet and modest in manner; and yet when he spoke to you he seemed somehow to enclose you all round, as water does, to include you and to comprehend you through and through. He was reserved, except with intimates or with altogether sympathetic companions; but in the 'Mitre,' or 'Mermaid,' in the 'Triple Tun,' or 'Dog,' or 'Devil Tavern,' when with Jonson, Drayton, or other of the tribe of Ben, he could become 'nobly wild,' and was of a supreme extemporal wit and gaiety. Quiet, serene, and almost melancholy at ordinary times, he could yet blaze out into a frolic humour and a wild wit; and included within his nature both Hamlet and Falstaff. Constantly occupied in 'gathering humours' of men, Shakspeare never stopped at mere surface observation.

And so, coming out of the Blackfriars after seeing 'Hamlet' with Shakspeare as the Ghost, Master Herbert stands amidst the groups outside the play-house and sees and listens to Shakspeare himself.

How enviable to thousands then unborn seems the privilege of the happy though half unconscious Herbert! Shakspeare was then in the full splendour of his faculties, and of his poet's beauty of person and of face. His attire, says Master Herbert, in one of the letters which I have seen, was 'after the habit of a scholarlike gentleman,' and yet there was in the style and aspect of the immortal player, a touch of cavalier and nobleman. He wore an extremely good and handsome rapier, and was proud, as Milton also was, of his skill in fence. Ah! Master Herbert, how I envy you that sunny day! As I sit down with 'labouring spirits' to rescue you from oblivion and to give a glimpse of you to an age so far removed from your own, I think with a sort of rage of your opportunity of seeing and of speaking with the author of 'Hamlet;' and I know too that if you prized your chance highly, you yet could not estimate the estimate at which we rank a sight of Shakspeare living, moving, speaking. Listen, Master Herbert, do not lose a word—for is not Shakspeare explaining to Lord Southampton how he had first conceived the play, and expressing a fear lest it should please not the million? And does not the Earl answer that it is an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning?

Herbert Grey noticed gradually the many facets that there were to Shakspeare's many-sided mind. With a gallant he seemed to be a gallant; with a sportsman he seemed to be a falconer or huntsman; with a lawyer or with a statesman he seemed to be lawyer or statesman;

with a wit he seemed doubly a wit ; with a poet he seemed to be much more than poet. Practical as the highest genius ever is, Shakspeare walked quietly the path of daily life, looked after his interest in the theatre and after the success of his plays, planned the future purchase of New Place, enjoyed the society of chosen friends, and yet retained over and above the life that he shared with humanity the transcendental individuality which lifted him to the fine frenzy of the loftiest imaginings at the very highest range and pitch of human faculty. What woman, thought Herbert, could ever as Shakspeare's wife satisfy all the various needs of that wide ranging intellect and deeply complex nature? He could not be ignorant of his supremacy, and yet he seemed to care little for fame. He was not anxious to print his plays : he left them long as simple prompter's written books in the theatre. The first version of 'Hamlet' was not printed until 1603. He might well guess that the *Euhemerism* of mankind would worship him after death as something godlike, but he was not impatient of the underestimate of his contemporaries.

Herbert grew into a constant frequenter of the theatre.

After many months of this not unpleasant London life, which had however not procured for Herbert any prospect beyond promises, he one day received a letter from Lettice, which was in effect a letter of farewell. She wrote without the knowledge of her parents, and managed to convey her letter to Herbert through the sure channel by means of which they had before succeeded in corresponding secretly. His rival was fast recovering, and her parents insisted upon a marriage between the Earl and Lettice. The sorrowful girl had been compelled to consent to a betrothal, and saw no escape from the marriage. Her sense of duty to parents was very strong, and their power to influence or compel was very great. Admitting her love for Herbert, and telling him fervently that she should never forget her first love, Mistress Lettice yet bid him farewell for ever, prayed for his happiness, and announced that her marriage was inevitable.

Here then was the end of their dream of marriage. Herbert thought at first of riding down to Kent and of carrying off Mistress Lettice, but he soon saw that this step was impossible. His mistress was too well watched and guarded, and Herbert was so well known in the neighbourhood that he could not visit the place without his purpose being suspected and frustrated ; nor was it certain that Lettice would have disobeyed her parents. Herbert alternated at first between indignation and despair. Judging of Lettice's sorrow by his own, he sorrowed in her sorrow, and felt his own grief intensified by sympathy. Why struggle and labour to make a career which he could never hope to share with Lettice? He gave up the idea of preferment by a patron, or ad-

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vancement from the Court ; but with young and adventurous spirits, action is the solvent of all doubt, is the best cure for sorrow ; and Herbert became too restless in his wretchedness to linger on in inaction in London. He felt that he must fly and plunge into some active danger, not for the sake of winning fortune, but in order to distract his intolerable sense of loss. He had also that strong love for queen and country which distinguished the Englishman of the days of Elizabeth, and he determined to risk in the service of his land a life which he could no longer hope to share with Lettice.

The youth of England in the days of Elizabeth was animated by a lofty patriotism—a patriotism of which no man need be ashamed since it has been wedded to immortal verse in the mighty line of Shakspeare, the most patriotic of all poets.

No maritime expedition was about to sail when Herbert determined to depart. Essex and Raleigh were away to intercept Spanish galleons on their return from America.

In the Low Countries Sir Francis Vere and Sir Robert Sidney commanded the English forces which were co-operating with Prince Maurice against the able and wily Parma, who was the greatest captain of Spain.

Herbert felt that Lettice was irrevocably lost to him, and hastily resolved to join Sir Francis Vere. He easily procured recommendations to the old warrior, and after a brief leave taking of his London friends, after writing to his father and to Lettice, he took passage on board an Easterling lying off the Tower, and sailed for the Netherlands.

He was well received by the cheery and courteous old soldier, who readily accepted his services as a gentleman volunteer. To Sir Robert Sidney, Herbert was already known. Herbert had lost something of the desire for fame, and had lost in a great degree the care for fortune, but in their stead sprang up an intense devotion to duty and a fierce carelessness of danger. He was much altered. The youth who had lounged about the fields and the halls of Kent, young, ardent, cheerful, had developed into the sad stern captain who could never find too much work and who risked a life for which he little cared with a passionate enthusiasm for danger. Daring as a knight he was yet cool as a commander. At work or in danger he was happy, or could at least forget ; but to all healthy manhood (and Herbert's was a healthy nature, though temporarily morbid from love loss) there comes a strong interest in a pursuit zealously adopted, and in an activity heartily discharged. Herbert began to study assiduously the 'disciplines of the wars,' and grew into a soldier capable, brave, and trusted by the good Sir Francis. He had passed from the lover into the soldier : the last of the seven ages which he was destined to reach. He had done the best thing for the cure or the lessening of a great youthful sorrow. In worthy action, in fighting

for the right and for England, he learned to think of Lettice, though always with great love, yet with softened sorrow.

Time went on. He learned that Lettice was married, and on the same day he received the thanks of Sir Francis Vere for gallant conduct in the field at the engagement of Turnhout. [Herbert would have risen high in the Low Countries Wars, and would possibly have won even knighthood, the highest honour which a Tudor sovereign could bestow; but across his sorrow and across his rise came that Fate which he had so often risked—a soldier's death. He led a sortie against a detachment of Parma's army. Herbert fought with his usual desperate valour: he was in the thickest of the enemy, encouraging his men, dealing sweeping blows to right and left with his good sword, when his horse was killed under him by the thrust of a pike. As Herbert fell with the horse, entangled in the stirrups, a Spanish soldier fired upon the fallen gentleman with a musketoon. The shot was fatal, and when the *melée* was over, and the victorious English retired, Herbert Grey lay dead beside his horse and amid his enemies, his sword still firmly grasped in the strong right hand. When they raised his visor the shadow of the helmet lent sternness to the dead young face, fixed in the flush of fight and in the fierce joy of noble war.

The English garrison gave him a soldier's funeral—Sir Robert Sidney and Sir Francis Vere both attending. Borne on pikes to the grave, a volley was the requiem of the gallant gentleman who fell for England on a foreign shore.

The news reached Lettice; and the widowed father was left sorrowful and solitary in sunny Kent, and in the sad old hall of Greyscote.

And the young Countess? Fair and stately in her young matronhood—a lady noble, loved, and gracious, she was yet held to be something cold and reserved. Fine observers noted that some string in the harp of life seemed jarred. Her beauty grew, but with it grew her seeming coldness. Often—oftener perhaps than the Earl, had he known of it, might have liked—she took from a sacred drawer a ring, a lock of hair, one or two letters, and sat with them and her heart in solitude. As the years stole on, and children grew around her, she visited that drawer more rarely, but visited it ever on one day in every year—the day on which her mind was most strongly stirred by that long fidelity of memory to a lost love which forms the sad secret underlying many a married woman's life. She lived to be an old woman, and long time a widow, dying in 1648, the year of the execution of Charles I. In her last days she bade her granddaughter bring to her once more the relics of her love of long ago; and the white-haired grandmother told the wondering girl something of that passage of her life so deeply stamped with the image of poor Herbert Grey. Through a long life of duties worthily discharged,

of many quiet joys, and of domestic calm, the woman's heart, torn asunder in girlhood from her one true love, had clung in secret to the tender memory of the love of her romance and to the passion of her youth.

And thus, in that great reign of the Reformation—a time in which in England, arts and arms, literature and adventure, and all noble public life, flowered into brilliant splendour—young Herbert Grey fell in the noble struggle, and died before he had raised himself by gallant service to success and fame.

When, by accident, the slight surviving suggestions and hints of the loves and lives of Herbert and of Lettice came to my knowledge, I was touched with the sad issue of their passion, and charmed with the glimpse afforded into typical life of the far great days of Elizabeth. But Herbert's chief interest for me consisted in the slight record which his letters left of his intercourse with Shakspeare, and in the fact that he happened to be present at the first representation of 'Hamlet.' This it was which determined me to attempt to compose from the few scattered bones a living whole—which induced me to piece out the slight fragments of suggestive evidence into form and shape. The greatest men are always the products of the greatest days. Great indeed, then, must have been those Elizabethan times which could flower into Shakspeare!

Slight and faint as my sketch necessarily is—feeble and incomplete as is my effort to give a local habitation and a name to beings who lived and felt so long ago, and who have left so small and shadowy a trace of their ways and histories—there is yet allusion, though brief and hurried, in Herbert's letters to the personality of the poet, whom he saw with living eyes, and to a performance which he actually witnessed of 'Hamlet.' The evidence must be read by the light of imagination; but it seemed to me a plain duty to communicate to Englishmen the glimpse which chance afforded to me, through Herbert Grey, of our own Shakspeare.

THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF MAZZINI.

BY KARL BLIND.

AT the fresh grave of a dear friend, whose face seems yet present with us, it is difficult to take up the pen for critical judgment on an active political life, extending over more than forty years. Here lies before me Mazzini's *Roma del Popolo*, in which he had just run a tilt against Rénan. Here is his last letter, in which he urgently asks for an opinion about the march of affairs in Germany. Here is a note from his trusty friend. Repeating, in his name, the pressing request, she adds touching greetings of his own, which suddenly bring up his whole image It is not easy, with such surroundings, to overcome grief and to help in a survey of his wide and varied labours.

Throughout Italy an indescribable feeling of sorrow arose when it became known that within the walls of Pisa, against whom the singer of the *Divina Commedia* had launched his curse, there had died, unrecognised and in secrecy, the 'Last of the Romans,' the man whose name had once been the terror of tyrants,—he whom patriots had honoured, in the ardent language of the South, as the 'Apostle of the Great Idea,' as the 'Sublime Teacher and Guide,' nay, as the 'Martyr and Angel of Sacrifice.' 'For the tomb of the Master whom we adore,' so wrote one of the popular journals, 'we have no flower. The lily of the valley has not the purity, the violet of the meadow not the fragrance, that would be worthy of him.' The Italian Parliament itself, by whom he had twice been outlawed, led the way in the recognition of his merits. All over the world, in circles where he had hitherto been vilified as the Arch-rebel, men acknowledged now his great qualities, the loftiness of his aim, even the success he had in a measure achieved. A champion of freedom must die before he can earn the praise of those sages.

When, many years ago, I first met the Italian leader in London after the political shipwreck which had cast so many exiles on the shores of England, it was in presence of Saffi, his co-triumvir at Rome. Mazzini was then still in the prime of manhood, but in look much aged. As

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soon, however, as he opened his lips, the fire of his eloquence shed a ray of youth over his wan and worn features. He made a startling communication to me, referring to a war-scheme of Louis Napoleon, of equal import to the Italians and the Germans. The interview took place at a friend's house, in a small, dark, corridor-like room. As he proceeded in his exposition, he threw in remarks of a more pathetic nature, designating the man of December as 'Evil Incarnate.' He spoke—as I afterwards found to be his habit—with much passion, albeit not with violence, and in doing so his glance actually seemed to shine through the dusk. Many of the ideas which were emitted during that conversation he some years later embodied in a powerful 'Open Letter,' addressed to the writer of this article, '*On Italy's Position in reference to Germany*,' and which to me constitutes a very precious, early token of friendship.

In that first interview he showed himself informed of a scheme which it seemed impossible for any one to know, except its Imperial originator himself. I still possess the record of that first communication, the only one of the kind I have ever drawn up, so extraordinary did it appear to me at the time; and when I re-read it by the light of events, I found it verified in its minutest details. On several other decisive occasions he proved to have valuable sources at his command, in the most carefully-guarded quarters. The whole plan of the Franco-Italian war of 1859 he detailed to me in autumn, 1858. He was equally well acquainted with the *pourparlers* that preceded the attack of Prussia upon the German Confederation. I will not speak of other matters, such as the last rising in Russian-Poland. Being connected, as he was, with the very project of that movement (though he considered, as I know, the moment of the outbreak an ill-chosen one), it was self-evident that he must have been thoroughly informed of it beforehand.

This man, who held so many threads of political action, yet lived a most secluded life. In England, where he resided for upwards of thirty years, barring the interruption of occasional sojourn or secret travel abroad, he scarcely ever went beyond London, excepting some trips to the sea-coast for the sake of health. In London he did not frequent society, only moving in a restricted circle of intimate friends; and in his own dwelling he confined himself, hermit-like, to a narrow room, to which those only had access who could give the pass-word at the door. He had a fondness for small rooms, as he often told me. For some time he, through whose hands considerable propagandist means passed, spent his days in abodes of almost abject poverty. Only of late years, when his health signally failed, could he be induced to select some better accommodation. When I entreated him to seek renewed force, and fresh power of working, by open-air exercise in all-healing Nature,

he would place himself, with his peculiar smile, before me and say: 'Nature, with its manifold phenomena, disturbs me. When out in the open I must sit down, cross my arms, and first collect myself in thought before I can enjoy Nature and regain the necessary concentration.' His whole strength, as well as his failings, lay in these words. The long habit of recluse life had spiritualised him to an extreme degree.

With advancing years, when his emaciated form had assumed an almost spectral thinness, he looked—in his dark dress; with his pale, noble brow; his white beard and hair closely trimmed—the very picture of a martyr, whose galled mortal coil is only kept together by spiritual energy. The unearthly impression was, however, greatly softened by his remarkably expressive eyes, and by the pleasing smile which played about his lips when, standing upright in the circle of friends—his hand, in southern fashion, placed on his heart, or high above on his breast—he poured forth persuasive words with a breathless enthusiasm. His utterances then showed that he was a born leader of men. Whilst he thus spoke, his figure (he was but of middle height) seemed to grow—a wonderful delusion, such as I have never observed before. In an age of religious fancy, it would, perhaps, have been called a 'transfiguration.'

It were an error, however, to conceive Mazzini as a gloomy fanatic, to whom joy and cheerfulness were denied. I have never heard him—this, too, was one of his peculiarities—indulge in an outright, hearty laughter. But the sense of the humorous he had in a large degree; among intimate friends he was amiability personified; occasionally he made himself the playmate of a child in thorough sportive manner. A genial simplicity was one of his most attractive qualities. The '*desipere in loco*' of his classic compatriot he understood to perfection. In a moment, however, he would return to serious matters with all the fervour of his soul. '*Ora e sempre*' ('Now and ever,') was his rule in life.

In working for the independence, unity, and freedom of Italy, he looked upon Dante, the great Ghibelline, as his prototype. This may appear strange. It has its explanation in the fact that—even as Dante, whilst siding with the German Emperor against the Pope, hoped for an eventual reversion of the 'Roman Empire' to the Italian nation—so Mazzini, whilst pursuing the reconstitution of Italy, hoped to bring back, if not the universal dominion, at least the universal influence, of his country in Europe. This was one of the reveries so strangely interwoven with the practical aims of the politician. His first political experience dates from the *Carbonaro* conspiracy; afterwards he himself founded the association of 'Young Italy.' Cavour once said: 'I have been a conspirator all my life!' To conspire was then the only way for Italians to attempt re-embodiment of the poor, tormented soul of their down-trodden fatherland.

It will be remembered how the young republican, assailed by patriotic doubts as to whether even a prince might not be made the instrument of national regeneration, approached Charles Albert with an appeal. The appeal was contemptuously flung aside. Thus seeing his dearest hopes rejected, the unselfish patriot only thought of his country's sufferings, which for ages had been a 'hostelry of grief'—*ahi Italia, di dolore ostello*: and now, even the poniard thrust against the cowardly tyrant, the renegade from the secret fraternity, appeared to him an act of justice. To those who have attached a stigma to Mazzini on that ground, I will only say that they might as well do so against the foremost poets and thinkers of all nations and all times, from Hebrew literature down to that of classic antiquity, and of our present age. Some of their wrath they might reserve even for him who once 'blessed the hands' of Brutus and Tell, and who to-day is the leader of Her Majesty's Conservative Opposition. Perhaps this is a question on which opinions will ever vary. The judgment generally passed on it among nations just rising from political disruption and serfdom, may be inferred from the fact that there appeared, in the great mourning celebration held in honour of the ex-triumvir at Rome, escutcheons with the names of Agesilao Milano and Felice Orsini.

When Pius IX. mounted the Papal chair, Mazzini had another moment of passing doubt as to the course to be pursued. He had often dreamt of a regeneration of Europe by an Italy reborn to national life. He had always regarded Republican Rome of old, as well as Papal Rome during the middle ages, in the light of a series of historically justified developments, to which a third era, representing the more modern Liberal Idea, was to be added. Musing on this notion, the sudden appearance of a 'Liberal Pope' seemed to him like the accomplishment of a pre-ordained law, on which the progress of mankind was to be wrought out by divine will.

This mysticism has influenced Mazzini's doings in many ways. Not that he accepted as truth the children's tales of the Semitic world, or the deceptions of any hierarchical system. But still he moved within forms of thought which, with all their loftiness of aim and conception, were contrary to the more advanced ideas of those with whom he acted. Lively encounters sometimes occurred between him and his revolutionary friends from France and Germany, when the question of an alleged 'historical mission' of medieval papacy was mooted, or when he tried to refute some of the results of scientific investigation by a simple appeal, however eloquent, to his own religious or ethic formulas. After many battles had been fought on that subject, a treaty of peace was tacitly agreed upon. It consisted of a more good-humoured handling of these thorny questions. His natural kindliness helped to render such treatment easy; yet, in his more moody moments, he would, all of a sudden

grasp, as it were, a spear, and throw it with the full energy of his deep-lying conviction. In Italy, where scientific enquiry has latterly gained much hold on the youth of the universities, the influence of Mazzini could not but suffer from his unbending adherence to the old forms of thought.

But to return to Pio Nono's 'liberal era.' The unnatural apparition vanished in a trice; and then Mazzini quickly resumed that republican propaganda which in principle he had never given up, neither before Pope nor King. His efforts some years later culminated in a success. The Pontiff, who had deceived the expectations of Italy, had to fly from the 'Eternal City' in the garb of a valet. Mazzini, the Genoese, entered Rome—for the first time in his life!—a few days afterwards he was at the head of the Roman Republic. A more characteristic change it would have been impossible to invent.

In vindication of the much-abused triumvir, Lord Palmerston, many years afterwards, testified that 'Never had Rome been better administered than under the Republic.' The fall of that Commonwealth was brought about by the attack—we can scarcely call it the fratricidal attack—of the French pseudo-Republican Government of 1849, at whose head a princely pretender stood, whilst an Assembly, composed in its majority of royalists and ultramontanes, sought to outstep him in the race of reaction. This overthrow by the bayonets of a France still marching under the banner of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, planted deep in Mazzini's heart the aversion against Gallic lust of dominion. When on this topic he became very bitter. Even those who in the main joined in his view, then attempted in vain to mitigate his indignation. He liked on such occasions to tell an anecdote about Godfrey Cavaignac (the brother of the general of cannonading repute), one of the best types of French republicanism. When Godfrey Cavaignac once developed the new map of nationalities, Mazzini observed: 'In that case, I suppose, Corsica would return to Italy, and France give up all demands for further annexation on the left bank of the Rhine?' Upon which Cavaignac majestically rose, exclaiming: 'Never!'

As between Germans and Frenchmen, the Italian leader leant more towards the former.

German literature he prized most highly, though his own 'synthetic mind' was averse to the spirit of analysis and criticism so prevalent among the Germans. Among our poets, he preferred, in accordance with his own character, the 'subjective' ones to those who indulged in more 'objective' portraiture; hence he felt himself more drawn towards Schiller than towards Goethe. The Olympian repose of the latter irritated his ardently striving individuality; the poet of freedom was to him more than the self-contained artistic delineator. Even in the

opinions which I heard him express on the most powerful dramatic genius whom England and the world has produced, there was an accent which showed that in the drama itself he sought something else than the description, however striking and unmatched, of human passions and of the fatal concatenation of events. Of English poets, Byron was his favourite author. In Byron, Mazzini would even overlook those utterances of 'gnawing doubt' which he otherwise resisted with such glowing belief.

In early years he had been in connection with eminent German patriots, such as J. G. A. Wirth; from them he had learnt to appreciate our historical aspirations to freedom. He denied the claim of France to exercise a permanent leadership in Europe. He contended against the assertion that the light of political and intellectual liberty had for the first time been kindled in France. To him, who looked back to the Brutuses and the Catos, who found the struggles of the confederated Lombard cities and the existence of various Republican Commonwealths in the tablets of his country's history, the claim of France seemed to have small foundation. Numerous self-governing communities had existed in Europe before the assault upon the Bastille. On the shores of Germany, the liberty of the Frisian people had lived in the invigorating breath of the sea. Our civic leagues, which extended from Aachen to Augsburg, and into what to-day is called Switzerland, gave birth to freedom in the Alpine region of Germany, whilst the Hansa successfully upheld self-government on our northern shores. In the so-called 'Peasants' War,' the democratic tendencies of the German people had once more risen like a towering flame. Our Reformation was directed against the spiritual yoke of a foreign Bonze. Then the English nation had passed solemn judgment on a despot, and substituted a Commonwealth to the government by Right Divine. After that came the foundation of the United States of America, with their declaration of the Rights of Man. At last only appeared the great French Revolution, which, in its procedures, copied much from that of England, and adopted, whilst philosophically amending them, the principles of the American Revolution.

How, then, could it be said that France only had 'destroyed medievalism;' that she had 'begun the modern era;' that she had 'initiated the Revolution,' and 'given birth to Democracy?'

I have often discussed these matters with Mazzini, and always found him just towards other nations. Harro Harring having imbued the Democratic party of Italy with the Danish view of the Schleswig-Holstein contest, I was induced by Mazzini to express the German view in his '*Pensiero ed Azione*;' thereupon he publicly recognised the rightfulness of the German cause. His intellectual quarrel chiefly lay with-

France. Truth to say, he, who so often was misrepresented as an arch-terrorist, never concealed that there was something repellent to him, partly in the principle, partly in the mode of action, of the Revolution of 1792-93 which the more thorough-going minds of his party either regarded as correct in political philosophy, or explainable by the terrible pressure of circumstances. In this respect, Garibaldi, who otherwise is less given to abstract revolutionary principles, held perhaps the more resolute notions of the two. The warrior esteemed, before all, the battling forces of a people, whether in their regular or irregular display. He was not, in their appreciation, disturbed by the overstrained scruples of a delicately-balanced intellect. In so far, each of these great leaders made up for the deficiency of the other.

Mazzini's two great achievements were: the excellent administration of the Roman States in 1849, and the part he played in organising the Sicilian insurrection of 1860. So early as in autumn, 1859, when Lombardy, Tuscany, and some of the smaller principalities had been joined to Piedmont, he had planned an invasion of the South, under the parole of '*al centro, al centro, mirando al Sud!*' Cavour, being informed of it by the king himself, who, I know, had been imprudently initiated into the conspiracy (not, however, through any fault of Mazzini), the enterprise was suddenly stopped. In the subsequent Sicilian movement, which was at first officered by three natives of the island, Rosolino Pilo, Crispi, and Corrao, the hand of Mazzini was in the main active. Only six weeks afterwards, Garibaldi landed with his Thousand at Marsala, assuming the command, and achieving that splendid success which resulted in the deliverance of all Southern Italy. Few are aware that this Sicilian rising had been hastened in consequence of the information obtained by Italian patriots that Louis Napoleon meditated a Muratist restoration in Naples, which Cavour seemed but too ready to allow.

After the conquest of the Two Sicilies, the friends of Mazzini, developing a plan which, to my knowledge, had been laid down from the beginning, urged a march upon Rome, when, after the overthrow of the Pope, a National Assembly was to be convoked for framing an Italian constitution. But the very manifesto which the Chief of the Redshirts was induced to sign in that sense, so as to bind the whole 'Party of Action' to the accomplishment of the programme, alarmed the French Government to such an extent as to make it enjoin upon the Piedmontese Court an immediate intervention. Then Garibaldi, worried by the agents of Cavour at Naples, and wishing to avert a conflict with the troops of Victor Emmanuel, laid down his dictatorship, and with the simple exclamation: '*Re d'Italia!*' gave rise to an Italian kingdom.

The following is an incident hitherto unknown in public. When that crime against a nation's independence and freedom was attempted which

afterwards found its tragic end at Queretaro, a great commotion arose among the exiles of various lands, living in this country. The lowering tempest of the slaveholders' insurrection had not yet burst over the North American Republic. But already the more far-seeing men observed its rapid approach ; and with a correct appreciation of the connection of things, they felt that the attempt of the two Imperial adventurers against Mexico was a prospective threat to the United States. Holding to this view, Mazzini participated in a confidential communication to President Lincoln, which, had it been acted upon, might have brought about a change of affairs in Europe of the most decisive nature for Continental democracy. This communication, directed against the Imperial scheme of the Arch-duke Maximilian and his Napoleonic protector, was drawn up by a German hand. It bore an Italian, a French, and a German signature ; Mazzini signing for the Republican party of Italy. A plan of action was laid down, showing how the intervention in Mexico could be foiled by an effective blow at headquarters in Paris and elsewhere. President Lincoln did not decline. He reserved his decision for the time of greatest urgency. In the meanwhile, the armies of the North grappled with their Confederate antagonists. When the great crisis came, Lincoln fell under the murderous weapon of Ravallac Booth, and the plan alluded to was buried with him in his gory grave.

Clear as the Italian patriot's judgment had been in the Mexican affair, he somewhat misconceived the probabilities of the issue of the Union war. He held different views—not as regards principle, but in reference to events—from those of his Radical friends in England. A great many years ago he had foreseen that the irremediable contrast between the institutions of the North and the South would lead to an armed conflict ; but he appeared to believe that in such an event a separation could not be avoided. This notion warped his judgment : he doubted the possibility of a full triumph of the North almost to the very last. When the good cause came out victoriously, he saluted the great civic triumph with accents of heartfelt joy ; henceforth his endeavour was to interest Americans in the establishment of a 'Universal Republican Alliance,' in which the popular associations founded by him were to be inserted as affiliated branches.

The two expeditions against Rome were not of Mazzini's framing. He had not even been made acquainted with the project of the one which, though disastrously ending at Aspromonte, yet saved Italy from an infamous alliance at that time projected, as is little known, between Napoleon and Rattazzi. Of the plan of the march upon Rome which ended at Mentana, Mazzini disapproved. But it seems to me, having heard at the time all the *pro's* and *con's*, that Garibaldi, making an attempt from the land-side—instead of beginning, as Mazzini advised, by

a naval expedition as in 1860—did that which, under the circumstances, was alone feasible, if the attempt was to be made at all. Disunion in the popular camp, and wily intrigues on the part of the Florentine Government emissaries, brought that expedition to grief.

From thence the two aged leaders, whose names had so long been a common watchword of Italian democracy, understood each other less from day to day. They fell out like the heroes of some old epic, in which the Fate woven by the Walkyres must be inexorably accomplished. If Mazzini declared for the German cause, Garibaldi was sure to be on the side of France. If the one opposed, the other espoused the maxims of the Commune. If Mazzini laid chief stress on the struggle against dynastic institutions, Garibaldi said something for the 'International,' though he is neither a member of it, nor even shares its chief doctrine. If the thinker spoke in the name of a 'Supreme Law' and of the 'Duties of Man,' using formulas somewhat at variance with the modern spirit, there suddenly came, from the mouth of the warrior, enlightened utterances of free philosophy. Nothing was wanted to estrange the two friends. It was so sad, after the one, with the modesty of true greatness, had called the other '*il mio maestro*,' to behold them thus divided, whilst suffering Liberty mutely showed the wounds she received from this strife of brothers. I had had occasion to observe the rise of the feud. Seldom have I felt more afflicted at seeing the chances of a reconciliation between two noble-minded men daily fleeing away.

In the midst of these differences, there ever and anon came, like a touching prayer, some request made by this or that newly-founded popular association that the two chieftains might together accept its presidency. This was always done—and then a new faint hope arose, until the great reconciler, Death, stepped in with sudden effect! . . .

Mazzini's last comprehensive writings were on the 'International,' and on Rénan's last political work. He indignantly opposed the reactionary, Cæsarian views of the author of a famous religious novel. He also took Rénan to task for his misrepresentations about the late war. 'The victory of Prussia,' Rénan had said, 'was the victory of kingship by, so to say, Divine historical right.' 'No,' replied Mazzini; 'the Prussian monarchy is the youngest in Europe. As to the victory, it was the victory of the German nationality over those who arrogantly endeavoured to hinder its development.'

In the rising of the Commune, Mazzini chiefly reprimanded a section whose doings destroyed the necessary union of the Republican forces, thus opening a way for monarchical reaction. To the idea of 'free communes' within a compact nationality he was not averse. He himself wished to qualify the principle of unity by such an antidote of administrative local freedom, not of provinces, but of towns and villages,

so as to avoid the bane of a deadening centralisation. He was averse only to the Federalist principle of States within the State, especially as regards his own fatherland. If, nevertheless, he sometimes advocated the formation of a Federal Danubian League, as well as of a Mountain League from Switzerland to the Hungarian frontier, this idea of his evidently originated from a desire of placing a dividing wall between Italy and the more northern populations, from whose inroad she had so often suffered. In other respects, his strong leaning towards unity made him the warm advocate—even in defiance of the most apparent difficulties—of a Scandinavian, an Iberian, a Slavonian unity. In the nationality movements of the East, his influence was occasionally felt. There he entertained views which the majority of Hungarians, Poles, and Germans, even of those who pursued democratic aims similar to his own, could scarcely approve of.

In a forty years' struggle with the enemies of Democracy, he had learnt that to dissolve a popular movement into a mere 'class feud' between working men and *bourgeois*, was a sure means of ruin. He knew history too well not to remember that the policy of all tyrants and would-be usurpers is to foster such class-feuds within the popular camp. The Lassalle movement in Germany he therefore condemned. He advocated a combination of the best forces of the working, the citizen, and the peasant class; he would accept aid from wherever it came. He was Socialist enough to be even accused, by his ignorant or malicious foes, of being an adherent of Communism—a system which he utterly rejected. He did not answer the claims of the disinherited millions with the stony-cold: '*Laissez faire, laissez aller!*' He believed that no State can prosper in which individual liberty is not combined with the principle of association and co-operation, as well as with the solidarity of the Commonwealth at large.

These views he did not depart from in his judgment on the recent party struggles in France, and the social movement in general. His argumentation, bringing in, as it did, the religious element, may in part be exceptionable; in his main views he certainly showed strong practical sense. Bitter have been the onslaughts against him, because he rightly foresaw the deplorable turn which affairs would take; bitterest in their strictures were those who had for many years not moved a finger for the popular cause, and who now only came to mar it by raising impossible issues. The mass of the Italian working men, however, as shown by their Congress at Rome, held in November last year (*Società Operaie Italiane Affratellate*), stood to Mazzini's ideas. For Italian democracy, there is only hope in such an unbroken union of the progressive forces of the different popular classes.

This was the doctrine which the great republican teacher preached to

the last—with the sweet persuasion, sometimes also with the anger, of true love. Thus he broke down—a cry for union still on his lips! In him, Italian nationality, which seemed to have lost its very soul, found its most high-minded exponent. In him, democratic Europe possessed a revolutionary force, than which a more indefatigable one has never been concentrated at any time, in any country, in a single man. Coming generations only will fully recognise what strength there was in that slender, nervous form which gave rise to so many important movements, and to which the revolutionary forces always felt an attraction as the iron to the magnet.

That noble, enthusiastic heart is now no more, which once had joyfully borne every privation, against whom so many enemies have violently risen, but whose generous qualities were only the more deeply appreciated by loving associates. To me who had been bound to him by long and intimate friendship—to me it seems almost an impossibility to miss him among the living. With sorrow still fresh, I have here, in a few rapid strokes, endeavoured to sketch some of his traits and acts. But I know how little these pages give an idea of the comprehensive activity of him who held so great a place as one of the Restorers of the Italian Nation, and as the Champion of Universal Freedom.

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THE GRIEVANCES OF INDIA.

A MEMORIAL setting forth some of the grievances from which India has been and is suffering even now, has been put into our hands. It is addressed to the House of Commons by the inhabitants of more than sixteen places in India, including the three Presidency towns of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, and was presented in Parliament in the month of April last year, by Professor Henry Fawcett, M.P. for Brighton. It is not our intention to dwell on this Memorial at length, as it would be very difficult to Englishmen not having much acquaintance with Indian affairs, to follow us in any exposition of its twenty paragraphs one by one. The following sketch of the present state of India is offered, as being less difficult to master and much more comprehensive.

It used to be the opinion of the majority of Englishmen formerly that India was a poor country, a burden to England, and was retained only as a trust to be made over to the natives when they would be fit to govern themselves. Doubtless this opinion was a source of honest pride to the patriotic Englishman, and even if it was founded on error, no one from among his fellow-countrymen would be so cruel as to undeceive him. But even now we are afraid there are many Englishmen who entertain the same belief. It is, however, hoped that they will modify their opinion when they are told that India annually pays at least £10,000,000 as the price of her foreign rule, over and above feeding and maintaining about 80,000 Britons. Another fact also deserves mention here, showing that India was not considered poor by her rulers, that a debt of £100,000,000, which was created by the East India Company on its own account, and which, therefore, ought to have been transferred to the English Crown, as the Company held India in trust for the latter, was saddled on India. The application of these facts, which may be supposed to relate to the past history of India, we shall next point out. Of late years we have been accustomed to hear a great deal of the *chronic deficits* in Indian finance. This may prove to a superficial observer the poverty of India; but, if we have succeeded in showing that India is not at all poor—if it is true, notwithstanding the official and authoritative

statement of the Duke of Argyll to the contrary,¹ that 'England has acquired, as the result of her Indian rule, at least £1,500,000,000, according to a favourable calculation (*vide* 'Journal of the East India Association,' vol. i., app. B, page 21, 2nd ed.), and more than £2,100,000,000, according to another but a truer estimate (vol. ii. of the above Journal, p. 242), the only legitimate inference to be drawn, whether Englishmen like it or not, is that the administration of India under the present rule is vicious. What with bad management, owing to the incompetency of English officials, what with unjust exactions from and charges on her revenues, what with her undeveloped, nay, rather straitened resources, India has come to such a pass that a radical reform has become imperatively necessary.

The incompetency of English officials is too well known in India to be disputed, but to convince Englishmen that such is really the case, we shall point out that even the Duke of Argyll has virtually admitted that Sir Richard Temple, the present Minister of Indian Finance, is totally unaware whether he has got a deficit or a surplus (see the Duke's Financial Statement, made July 28, 1870, which also mentions that the India Office committed mistakes, to the amount of between £200,000 and £300,000, in the estimate for 1869.) All of us have read about the late disturbances in the Bareilly jail. Does the English public know how they were brought about? By Dr. Eades, the superintendent, deliberately giving orders that the Brahmin prisoners should be deprived of their sacrificial threads, without which they would be levelled to the rank of the lowest castes, and would forfeit many important civil rights which we cannot stop here to mention, thereby insulting not only their religious feelings, but also those of all the other Brahmins in India. We need hardly add that Dr. Eades was not punished for this offence in any way proportionate to its enormity.

What surprises us is that, in spite of these evils, we are told that the English try to improve India by means of a judicious and sound administration, and watch over the people with a paternal solicitude. An instance of this anxious care for the people is to be found in a recent occurrence. The Government of Bengal deliberately allowed the exportation of rice to distant places, though perfectly well aware that the inhabitants of an adjoining district, Orissa, were dying for want of it. The result was that hundreds of thousands of lives were lost! The loss India suffered in consequence of this neglect of duty by Government no one can adequately measure, and there can be no hesitation in pointing to this

¹ 'The peculiarity of the latter (the Indian Empire) is that it is not a part of our territory in the sense of forming any part of our political system, nor is it a colony, nor is it a dominion from which we derive, or have ever professed to derive any tribute or pecuniary advantage.'—*Hans. Parl. Deb.* v. 194, p. 1059.

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act as one of the most inhuman and savage that was ever perpetrated by any one. It has not escaped us that there have been justifications of the conduct of the Bengal Government, with what truth will be judged from the following letter in the 'Asiatic' of March 28, 1871 :—

'THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ORISSA FAMINE.

'*To the Editor of the "ASIATIC."*

'Sir,—Mr. Dadabhai Maoroji and Sir Arthur Cotton have, I see by your report of their speeches before the Society of Arts, rejected the excuses made for Sir Cecil Beadon's shortcomings in the matter of the Orissa famine. At the time Sir Cecil's friends in Parliament and in the press asserted that the coast of Orissa is inaccessible to shipping for great part of the year, from the heavy surf and entire want of harbour. Others among his apologists intimated that neither supplies nor shipping were available. These excuses were accepted, and Sir Cecil was not treated like Governor Eyre. As I was at Chittagong during the Orissa famine, I can certify that there were usually over thirty ships in the harbour there, loading rice, only three days' sail from Balasore. The Commissioner of Chittagong, had he been authorised to do so by the Government of Bengal, could and would have stopped these ships, despatched them to Balasore and Dumrah, on the coast of Orissa, and discharged the cargoes there. I can vouch that Balasore is accessible to ships at all seasons of the year, as it lies, not on the open coast, but some miles up the river Burra Balong. Dumrah also lies on an inlet equally safe from surf. I have no hesitation in saying that, had the Government of Bengal willed it, half-a-million of human lives might have been saved. The Commissioner of Orissa must, I apprehend, have apprised the Government of Bengal of the fact that the coast was quite accessible, of which he could hardly be ignorant. If the Government of Bengal remained in ignorance of the accessible harbours on the coast of Orissa, part of the blame must rest upon the Commissioner of Orissa ; but the Government of Bengal cannot be thereby excused for such gross ignorance and incapacity. How can the natives of India believe in our professions of regard, when the lives of hundreds of thousands among them are sacrificed by "blunders worse than crimes," and the perpetrators are not even censured ?

'I am, &c.,

'March 24th, 1871.

MONITOR.'

The treatment which the natives receive at the hands of the English is of a piece with this. A native is a liar ; perjury is habitual to him ; morality he has not ; bigotry and ignorance are his strongholds.

This is a fair summary of the abuses to which we are subjected. It is in fact to improve our morality, and indeed to teach us one as though we had none, that the English Church has been established in India—of course, it is superfluous to mention, at the expense of the natives. But our thankfulness to our rulers does not end even here. We have it on the highest authority that we can at present adduce—viz., the Duke of Argyll's: 'He entirely assented to the general principle laid down by his noble friend (the Marquis of Salisbury)—viz., that it was not only our duty to ourselves, but *to India also, to maintain our dominion in that country*, and to take no steps that endangered the dominion, except such as must lead in the long run to the complete education of the people.' (Hans. Parl. Deb., vol. 194, p. 1079.) Really this is conferring kindnesses on us with a vengeance. Now for the other side of the picture. The English historians of India spare no pains to contrast with the morality of the natives that of Englishmen, and pass high encomiums on Lord Clive, Warren Hastings, and Lord Dalhousie; the one an unscrupulous forger, the other a noted villain, and the last the very incarnation of injustice, and all three, be it remembered, the highest officers of the East India Company at different times, from its foundation even down to its close. Writing of Lord Dalhousie, we are led to inquire what has been the treatment given by the English Government to the native princes. Fair, honest, and beneficial, is the answer put forth with unprecedented boldness by the English people. There are a few among them who see a selfish policy persistently carried out in the treatment of the native princes. But they are ignorant, un-English, partial to the natives, &c. An instance will illustrate our meaning. There was a treaty contracted by the East India Company with the Rajah of Mysore in the year 1799. This treaty, so far from being a personal one, the effect of which would be that on his demise his kingdom would lapse to the Company, bears every mark of being an hereditary treaty. This opinion is the only one which could be sanctioned by men well versed in international law. Besides, in the treaty itself expressions occur showing that it was meant to be a perpetual treaty. (See Major Bell's work, 'Reversion of Mysore.') What, then, shall we say of those men who have the effrontery to tell us that, in the face of all the expressions signifying perpetuity, the treaty is a personal one? On this ground Lord Dalhousie annexed the kingdom, although now, we are happy to say, it has been restored.

Personal liberty is a matter only to be talked of in India. Though British subjects, we cannot have the benefit of the Habeas Corpus, that boasted bulwark of English liberty. The Viceroy of India can have any one arrested on mere suspicion, and made to rot in gaol without the slightest hindrance, as we know from the famous Wahabee case, which, it is erroneously supposed, led to the assassination of the unfortunate

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Justice Norman. This is not all. When a native prince is suspected of committing, directly or indirectly, any crime, he is deprived of his principality. Trial there is none. Military ignoramuses, captains and colonels, 'those political officers to whom, as much as to any other men, we owe our Indian Empire,' as Mr. Grant Duff is careful enough to inform the House of Commons, have made up their minds that he is guilty; the Viceroy or Viceroys think so too; he is deposed; he asks for papers; they are not furnished to him till a year after his deposal.¹ If the reason of this strange conduct is inquired into, the answer furnished is short, simple, and comprehensive. Political Plea: what that means let Mr. Grant Duff answer in his own words. 'There was a fallacy which vitiated the view of the Tonk case taken by some honourable gentleman who spoke last year, as well as by the two honourable members who had just addressed the house. They treated it as if the action of the Indian Government could have been judicial in the strict and technical sense; but that was not so. Its action was and must have been political. The Nawab of Tonk was no subject of ours He was proceeded against as a small, semi-independent potentate, who had committed a political offence against the *Pax Britannica*; who had done an act which, if only often enough repeated, would cover India with blood and confusion. . . . If there had been any room for a strictly judicial procedure, it would have been adopted. . . . The procedure which we did adopt was the only procedure possible,—the sending to the spot the best and acutest officers whom we had in that part of India to investigate the circumstances while they were still recent. . . . Complaint was made that the Nawab did not see the depositions; but this proceeding was not a judicial one, and there were no technical rules which it was necessary to follow.' (From the 'Times,' Feb. 24, 1872.) Mr. Grant Duff thinks that the rule for informing the accused of the charges brought against him is a technical one, and not one of equity, and that therefore it is not necessary to show him any documents; that is to say, a man may be accused and condemned without his knowing anything about it till it is too late! The English should take a pride in the saying that '*fiat justitia, ruat coelum*' is not their guiding principle.

Before proceeding to give an account of the rights of the natives of India, let us announce that we are going to present—a farce shall we call it?—at any rate, a further proof of the goodwill of our rulers towards

¹ Military officers are appointed to very responsible civil and political posts, but no care is taken that they should possess the necessary qualifications. The failures of justice which take place through their ignorance are notorious, and numerous instances of them will be found recorded in the Indian newspapers. We remember that one of these worthies, who was and is still an Educational Inspector of a large division, said that the adverb was an adjective!

us. It is well known how the Abyssinian war broke out. Theodore did not attack or invade India. He did not interfere with India in the slightest degree; yet, strange to say, it was attempted by some English statesmen to make her pay in part for the expenses of the war, even after she had gone so far as to supply the men necessary for the purpose! Whoever thought that India ought to pay a portion of the expenses incurred in this war after reading clause 55 of the Indian Government Act, 1858? 'Except for preventing or repelling actual invasion of Her Majesty's Indian possessions, or, under sudden and urgent necessity, the revenues of India shall not, without the consent of both Houses of Parliament, be applicable to defray the expenses of any military operation carried on beyond the external frontiers of such possessions by Her Majesty's forces charged upon such revenues,' must have proved the truth of 'the force of dulness could no further go.'

Let us now return to the treatment of the natives under the British rule. We have seen the estimate of native character given by Englishmen, not only some years ago, but even now. It is easy to predict thence what the position of the natives would be under the British *régime*. The military career is completely closed against them; the Civil Service of their own country is theoretically thrown open, but practically closed. Imagine a youth under twenty-one getting permission from his parents to come to England (orthodox and bigoted as it must be confessed they generally are), coming to a land whose manners, customs, climate, people, are of an entirely different character, with the full conviction that on his return he will be excluded from native society, and in the case of a Hindu, treated like a *pariah* by the whole of his tribe. What advantage will he derive to compensate for all these hazardous sacrifices? The only reasonable answer which can be given is—the bare chance of passing an examination held in London, in which European languages are greatly encouraged, and only two oriental ones (Arabic and Sanskrit) allowed, and they too placed lower than Latin and Greek, although in the East a knowledge of the former two is of greater importance to all; whether with scholars, antiquarians, interpreters, or civil servants! We say again this is practically throwing obstacles in the way of the Indian youths.¹ Some who try to defend this injustice say that a stay here of two years is sure to improve the native youths, and that therefore they ought to pass through this necessary training. In

¹ That we do not overstate the case, the following words of the Duke of Argyll shall prove. 'If the only door of admission to the Civil Service of India is a competitive examination carried on in London, what chance or what possibility is there of natives of India acquiring that fair share in the administration of their own country, which their education and abilities would enable them to fulfil?'—(*Hans. Par Deb.*, vol., 194, p. 1060).

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fact, they would rather not have any natives in this Civil Service, than have any who have not come to England. This is another instance of call it either stupidity or dishonesty, with this class of persons. The peculiar advantages if there be any which the native youths will derive from coming to England, and which will lead to a more efficient discharge of their duties as civil servants are not mentioned. But apart from this it is certainly very singular that the less unjust course of compelling the natives of India to come over here after passing the open competition (the preliminary examination for the Civil Service) in India, has never yet struck more than two or three Englishmen. Why should it strike them? The secret at bottom is a misgiving that were the preliminary examination thrown open to natives by being held in India, they would pass in considerable numbers. As we know some of our countrymen who have passed successfully for the Civil Service, and as we are acquainted with the training under which Indian youths are brought up in our colleges, we have no hesitation in affirming that in the case supposed the greater portion of the Civil Service would be filled with natives.¹ Against the statements that the natives of India are practically shut out from the Civil Service, it is sure to be urged that owing to the bill recently passed by the exertions of the Duke of Argyll, the Viceroy is empowered to appoint natives to the Civil Service in India itself, provided they possess the necessary abilities. We quote his words: (Hans., vol. 194, p. 1059). 'I now come to a clause—the 9th. Its object is to set free the hands of the Governor-General, under such restrictions and regulations as may be agreed to by the Government at home, to select for the Government Service of India, natives of that country, although they may not have gone through the competitive examination of this country. It may be asked how far this provision is consistent with the measures adopted by Parliament for securing efficiency in that service, but there is a previous, and, in my opinion, a much more important question, which I trust will be considered—how far this provision is essential to enable us to perform our duties and fulfil

¹ Some object even to the present arrangement by which natives of India can compete for this examination in London. The Marquis of Salisbury says (page 1071, Hans., vol. 194). 'I think that the plan of the Noble Duke contained in this bill—is infinitely better than the system of appointment by competition. The evil of that is twofold—if it fails, as it hitherto has done, and the natives do not take advantage of your competitive system, then they blame you for having excited their hopes, and as they think acted with duplicity; if it succeed, you give them vested rights in the offices which they came to hold, and that in time of trouble may expose you to dangers on which I should hardly venture here to enlarge, but which must spontaneously suggest themselves. Therefore it is far better that natives should be appointed on the exclusive responsibility of the Governor-General. . . . If you are too careless you may appoint men educated and competent, but in their hearts not loyal to your rule!' Such speakers require a thorough sweeping out of the House of Lords.

our pledges and professions towards the people of India? How far these professions of the noble Duke have been put into practice will be rendered clear by the following facts. Lord Lawrence, the predecessor of Lord Mayo, had appointed nine Government scholarships to encourage the natives of India to come to London to study, chiefly for the Civil Service. The scheme was not sanctioned by the Duke of Argyll, because 'to speak of nine scholarships distributed over the whole of India as any fulfilment of our pledges or obligations to the natives would be a farce.' (page 1061). One would imagine, after reading these words, that the Duke intended to do more for the people of India than would have been effected by only nine scholarships; but will it be believed that all that he did was to pass a *permissive* bill, by which the Viceroy is empowered to appoint natives to the Civil Service? It is obvious that it is not compulsory on the Viceroy to appoint any number or at any stated time. He may not appoint any at all, and he may appoint whomsoever he likes for instance, once in ten years. If the Duke of Argyll had the interest of the natives of India really at heart, he could have easily inserted a clause that a fixed number should be annually appointed; for otherwise we clearly think that the scholarships would have done greater good, they being annual, and given to the most promising of our college youths. If, however, there is any doubt left about the indifference (to use a very mild word) exhibited by the Duke of Argyll, it will be dispelled on reading the following inexplicable fact. There are engineering colleges in India established by the Government. The course of study which the students are required to undergo is a long one, and, what is important to know, is decidedly superior to that required from candidates here, and yet the men sent out from England are placed on a higher footing, forsooth, because they are *covenanted* officers. More than a year ago, the Duke, finding that the Indian Engineering Department was not sufficiently attractive to Englishmen, proposed to found a college (the present Cooper's Hill Engineering College) to instruct English youths and to encourage them to seek for appointments in India! Did he at all think that there were already competent natives in India who had no appointments assigned to them at all, and who had derived no benefit from their long course of training? About the Army Medical Service, Lord Houghton shall speak for us. 'It is difficult to see how natives and Englishmen can work together in one service, differing, as they do, in religion, customs, and modes of thought (!). It is only a few years ago that this happened:--so simple a post as that of surgeon to one of our regiments having been put up to competition, it was assigned to a native, but my noble friend (Lord Halifax), who was then Minister for India, felt himself unable to make the appointment. It was apprehended that the appointment of a native would provoke such a spirit of mutiny in

the regiment that my noble friend thought it would be better even to do an injustice to the individual than to run the risk of the consequences which might follow from his appointment.' (page 1077). We think that any one not destitute of common sense will agree with us in denouncing the conduct of Lord Halifax. If the soldiers of a regiment thought that a native, whom they looked upon as a slave, was unfit to be in their regiment, and that it was an insult to them to have a native as surgeon to the regiment, we should like to know if Lord Halifax could have adopted a better way of confirming them in their foolish prejudice.

It is not known to the English public that public works of a permanent character, which ought to be raised by loans, are paid for out of the Indian revenues. This is not all. When they are erected, they are found to be totally unfit for the purposes for which they were built. Besides, the vast sums spent on them are furnished with little or no delay by the Government. We are taxed in any manner our rulers may wish, and the absurdity of this procedure was evident only last year, when the Government of Bombay resolved to levy a tax on feasts! The salt tax is the most objectionable, because it is levied on an article of every-day consumption. It has been pointed out that in the central provinces of India the quantity of salt consumed is about one-third of that consumed in places where it is cheapest, and that the price of salt is 13s. for 80 lbs., this average being twenty times the price in England, and, allowing for the difference in the value of money, four to one, eighty times.' (*Vide* 'Journal of the E. I. Assoc.,' vol. iv. p. 7.) A very favourable exception must be made with respect to the legislature provided for us, and we thank our British rulers for having given us such excellent enactments as the Penal Code, the Civil and Criminal Procedure Codes, etc. But sometimes very ludicrous blunders have been committed, and even at present the law has avowedly shown a great partiality for Europeans. The following instance of the former is the best of its kind:— 'We have had in ten years (1860 to 1869) six different Stamp Acts, the second tinkering the first, the third repealing both, the fourth repealing half the third, the fifth repealing the other half, the sixth repealing the fourth, and all these six ignoring the previous old one, which had done duty for half a century.' (Quoted in 'Fraser,' Oct. 1871, p. 496, from the 'Calcutta Review.') Space forbids, or it would be very easy to multiply examples of the abuses current in India. We purpose to end this part of our subject with a quotation from the twelfth paragraph of the Memorial which we have made mention of at the commencement of our essay:

'Further, while native princes whose subjects are not affected by the laws passed by the Legislative Council (of the Governor-General) are

called to sit in it, the educated classes of the natives of British India are unrepresented.'

To those who have accompanied us so far, this is only another example of the sham justice dealt to us. What strengthens our conclusion is, that many of these princes are incapable of understanding a single syllable of English, and are obliged, owing to this cause, to employ an interpreter, and yet they are supposed to be capable (on what ground let Mr. Grant Duff answer) of giving more correct and sound opinions on legal points than would be furnished by natives of British India well versed in English, Roman, Hindu, and Mahomedan law! Even the Maharajah of Jeypoor, who was honoured with a seat in this Council, did not fail to see through this trick of the English.

But we have chosen that paragraph to show our readers* how Indian questions are treated in the House of Commons, which represents the British public. We shall first give a portion of the speech of Mr. Fawcett, uttered when he moved for a resolution to appoint a Royal Commission of Enquiry for India. 'It could be easily shown that no investigation into the affairs of India could be complete or satisfactory, if evidence on the subject were not taken in India. . . . It must not be forgotten that a large proportion of the natives of India absolutely refuse, for reasons connected with their religion and caste, to cross the ocean, and consequently their evidence could not be taken except in India.' (Hans., v. 206, p. 2025).

Another reason which is urged for holding in India Commissions of Enquiry is forcibly stated in a book which, though published nearly twenty years ago (1853), is still true, with some slight alterations, of the present state of Indian affairs (notwithstanding the *progress* of the English rule in India). We allude to 'The Three Presidencies of India,' by J. Capper:

'It is not by such means as the solemn farce enacted in the Committee Rooms of the House of Commons that this work will be aided. The dullest mind of the poorest Indian ryot must see through the transparency of that judicial mockery which pretends to give fair play to the plaintiff by examining no other witnesses than the clients of the defendant. It is in India, and India only, that the work must be done. It is there alone that a Committee of Inquiry will hear the truth, and the whole truth, regarding those matters which so deeply concern the future of British India.' (from the Preface.)

We must clear away some misapprehension which perhaps may exist in the minds of our readers, viz., that we do not approve of having any Committees here. We think with Professor Fawcett, that there ought to be Committees both here and in India, as very valuable evidence will be otherwise lost to the Government. Of the Committee now holding its

sittings we must speak with great respect ; and we look to it with great satisfaction, as it contains several members who take a very great real interest in the welfare of India. We shall now place before our readers the slipshod speech of Mr. Grant Duff :

‘Now as to the constitution of the Vice-regal Legislative Council, and as to the present organisation of the native army. These may *conceivably* become one day legitimate subjects for separate inquiries ; but both the Council and the army are quite new institutions, dating from 1861, only ten years ago, and to inquire into them at present would be to imitate the behaviour of a child which digs up seeds to see how they are growing. These questions, I say, may conceivably some day require examination ; but the instrument of that examination will not, I should think, in either case be a Royal Commission. As to the first, a Committee of this House would surely be a fitter tribunal to try the question : How far representative institutions can be extended to our Asiatic possessions. I know no reason in the nature of things why they should not some day or other be so extended ; but the time has not arrived for a real representation in India. Even here, representative institutions grew very slowly ; and although it is natural enough that these petitioners should ask for the remodelling of the Legislative Council because they fancy that they will thereby obtain some accession of influence, we must not forget that they are interested parties. . . . And next, with reference to the cry that the natives of India have not sufficient opportunity of expressing their views before this Committee, what is to prevent any natives of India putting their views directly before the Committee, either in the shape of petitions to this House,—which would, of course, be immediately referred to it,—or by sending over any person to be examined whom they may select, or by instructing any of their numerous countrymen here to go before the Committee ?’ (pp. 2034—2036.)

It cannot escape the attention of our readers that the memorialists complained of the want of ability in the native members appointed in the Council. They reasonably suggested that in the place of such inefficient members, men properly selected from the educated classes should be appointed. Now what would a stranger, ignorant of the real complaint, suppose from Mr. Grant Duff’s speech ? The Government Advocate (we are glad that he is not our advocate) would lead him to suppose that these petitioners wanted a representation of natives, where none at present have a place ! Curiously a suicidal confession falls from his lips that their interests are opposed entirely to those of the English Government, or he would not have objected to their demand, on the ground that they were interested parties. The advocate has cleverly managed to throw dust in the eyes of the House, by furnishing an entirely false explanation of an admitted fact. Mr. Grant Duff, we are afraid, believes that repre-

sentation would not have been introduced in England earlier than it actually was. But we have no doubt that the correct answer is, that the slow growth of representation in England must be attributed to the desire of the oligarchy to withhold the people from as hare in the administration of their affairs. This is seen even now-a-days ; therefore it is clear that the English Government has no intention to give us natives of India any share, if the case of England is to be applied to India. But to crown all, it has been stated that representation is an institution foreign to the Asiatics. Leaving the other Asiatics to defend themselves, we must say that this statement as regards the Hindoos is incorrect. The last sentence is, perhaps, the most wonderful in the speech from which we have just quoted. It suggests three means by which natives can from India make their voice heard. The last means is founded on an error as to a matter of fact. Our number is not at all great here, and we, lacking as we do, the experience which the English and the native officials have derived in consequence of their service of years, are unable to discharge the arduous task which Mr. Grant Duff would like us to undertake, especially as very many of us come to-day for the Civil Service, or the Bar, or the Army Medical Service. The first means proposed is childish, for can it for a moment be maintained that thousands of petitions which might be sent from India will be ever read here? Obviously not, as the Committee has other things to attend to than these petitions only ; the second means is the only one left. Even that cannot succeed, because it must lead to the exclusion of valuable evidence, as there are many who cannot afford the expenses of coming to England, and some will not come to England at all. But although these objections are clear to us, to Mr. Grant Duff they are all futile, for he does not even allude to them. We think he has omitted a very happy parallel, which would have served as the best commentary on Mr. Fawcett's remarks. We shall give them, as illustrating what we have just stated, and also as proving the justice of the law. If a European British subject commits an offence, he cannot be tried by any but the established High Courts, which are in the Presidency towns. There then he must be sent, from the place of the commission of the offence (and this distance may actually, under the present territorial jurisdiction of the High Courts, be 600 miles), with all the evidence. The poor witnesses, who are dragged there, and who do not, we repeat, get paid for their expenses, the law supposes have nothing to do but to give their evidence, as if the inconvenience which they suffer is nothing in comparison to the insult that would otherwise be offered to the dignity of the European British subject, criminal though he be.

As these remarks have a great bearing on the representation of the natives of India, we shall, before concluding the subject, give our readers

the benefit of the wisdom of the House which has so many Dukes, Marquesses, and other noble Lords. The Marquis of Salisbury says : 'There is one point in the speech of the noble Duke of Argyll (we have already quoted from this same speech), against which I wish to enter my protest. He seemed to think that the only way in which we could fulfil our pledge, was by admitting natives to the direct service of the Crown. My belief is that the true way to admit the natives of India to a just share in the Indian government, is to maintain the native sovereignties which we protect.' The scheme is to enable natives to get a share in the administration of these sovereignties. This mode, according to this noble lord, fulfils the pledge of the English Government to its subjects in India.

With equal propriety he may suggest that England should consider herself as having discharged her duties towards us, if we were to get a share in the administration of France, China, or the United States ! The noble lord cannot for a moment think of allowing the natives to serve directly under the Crown. These lords, however noble and exalted they may appear to Englishmen, appear to us in a very unfavourable light. Their nonsense passes in England for sense ; their selfishness for generosity, and their stupidity for dignified gravity ! We have quoted them only to prove their incompetency, selfishness, and total disregard to the just claims of others. Having succeeded, we hope in our object, we shall take leave of them with an unmixed feeling of pleasure.

Let us now direct the attention of our readers to the subject of reform. They will have seen from what has been stated already, that the only means to improve the present system has been never tried, although no one can, unless it be Mr. Grant Duff, say that we have been all along unfit for representation. We repeat here, for this truth cannot be impressed too often on the English public, that no reform can take place unless the natives of India are allowed a very large share in the administration. We do not desire to be appointed to some of the highest offices, and it must be admitted that at present we are unable to wield them. For instance, we do not ask the English to appoint a native viceroy, or a native chief justice. But our demand that we should be assigned offices which we are fully competent to fill is indisputably reasonable. Why natives should not be made inspectors of schools, professors in Government colleges, head masters of schools, assistant collectors, &c., it is hard to see. If the Englishman could discharge these duties more efficiently than the natives (that is to say, if they made better inspectors or head masters, than the natives) if they were superior to the natives in their intellectual attainments, we ourselves should be the very last to question the justice of the choice of the Government. But the truth is far otherwise. This explains why the natives are called conceited by the

Englishmen, who to add to the joke, assign a reason for the conceit, viz., the readiness of the natives to quote Shakspeare and Milton.

Our space will not permit us to quote more than one instance of the preference given to Europeans. Some months ago we read in the Bombay papers that the Government had appointed a European to a Professorship of Sanscrit in an Indian College, to which a native had been temporarily appointed. The latter was well known, and he had discharged his duties with such satisfaction that all thought he would be permanently appointed to the post for which he was pre-eminently qualified. The injustice was the more palpable in the present case as the Government thought that to teach an Oriental language, a European was far more fitted than a native who had made it his special study. This is but one out of thousands of cases that happen very often.

By the appointment, then, of natives to posts for which they are competent, the state of things in India will be vastly ameliorated. To enumerate in detail all the beneficial consequences which will result from pursuing this policy would be impossible here, but we shall summarise them for the benefit of our readers.

The deficits of Indian finance will have to disappear, never to give any trouble again. The expenditure will be curtailed, so as to keep pace with the revenue, and this curtailment can be effected in various ways. The salaries which natives would receive would be considerably less than were obtained by Englishmen appointed to the very same posts. Thus it is believed that if a European is paid 500*l.* annually, a native will be content to get 300*l.* At present some of the highest offices are paid for on a luxurious scale. The salaries received by the Viceroy, the Commanders-in-Chief, &c., are quite sufficient to enable them to live like princes. Living in such grand style at the expense of the poor and working classes will be disallowed at once. The annual resort of the Viceroy to the Hills will not be for a moment tolerated. It is not at all necessary for the Viceroy to spend seven months in a year at a distance of 1100 miles from Calcutta, the capital. The expenses for this tour, the delay in business, &c., arising from this yearly visit, can be imagined by our readers who, considering the above distance, will not blame us for saying that it is a very costly luxury. The Army expenditure will be curtailed, because when natives have a voice in the Indian administration, this reduction can be effected with perfect safety. The Public Works Department will be carefully looked after, and we may feel certain that public works will not be erected only to be pulled down again, as has not unfrequently been the case with some of the barracks built in India. Taxation will be performed in the way most agreeable and least cumbrous to the people. The financial relations between England and India will be carefully adjusted, and thus this at

present much-neglected problem will then receive a full and satisfactory solution. The Established Church in India, which ought to be abolished even now, will be the first thing that, in all probability, the natives of India will attack. It is set up there in defiance of every fair consideration. It is a historical fact, which the English ought surely to have learnt long ago, that no foreign religion has been able to overthrow the orthodox faith. Buddhism had the best chances in its favour, as it was the purest faith, but its fate is perhaps not unfamiliar to many of our readers. Some Mahomedan rulers forced conversion to the religion of *the Prophet*, but this was the best way they could unwittingly adopt to strengthen Brahminism. The orthodoxy of the Mahomedans is universally known; and we have just pointed out that Brahminism has withstood all foreign attacks.

To expect, then, that a people who could not be forced to abandon the faith in which they were brought up should be induced to do so simply in consequence of the establishment of the English Church, is to expect that an impossible thing should come to pass. Moreover, it will be readily admitted by an impartial observer that there is no prospect of Christianity, or, indeed, of any other religion, finding favour with the educated native youths. Let the missionaries speak and write what they like; they can never convince us that their dogmatic assertions are worth anything, much less that they are true. Some of the highest officers presiding over the destinies of India think with the missionaries that conversion to Christianity is the only means to improve her. If this is the conviction produced in their minds after pondering over the history of religious opinions, extending to upwards of nineteen centuries, we can only say that some men are incorrigibly thick-headed, so to speak.

We are now approaching towards the end of our essay, and before we offer our concluding observations, let us implore our readers to excuse all that may displease them in this essay, and to carefully attend to the following remarks. If we have given offence to some, let it be remembered that we have written in a feeling of honest indignation. Our patience had been long ago exhausted, and there was nothing to assure us that the constant acts of gross injustice perpetrated by Englishmen would not be repeated.

If, then, all that we have stated is correct, as one honestly bent on learning the truth for himself will find by examining our references, it must follow that the remedy above suggested should be at once put into practice. This remedy is self-evident to all but those who, having their eyes open, will not see. The longer, therefore, it is delayed, the greater will be the bitterness between England and India. The English read some time back accounts in their papers of the hearty reception given to the

Duke of Edinburgh by the people of India throughout. They have recently also read about the prayers and the thanksgiving for the life of the Prince of Wales offered by the natives. Reading these professions of loyalty, the English infer that we are satisfied with our present lot. These accounts, perfectly authentic as they are, it must be always remembered, bespeak the feelings of the old generation. The class of educated youths has far different beliefs. They are, we take a pride in saying so, not at all conservative; conservatism is their deadliest foe, so much so that they would not shrink from the difficult task of abolishing the House of Lords. Monarchy is and ought to be, in their opinion, a thing of the past; they have doomed religion in any shape, except pure theism, to the fate it so richly deserves; and the throne of theism is already tottering. They are the staunchest advocates of the rights of women; in short, they are thorough radicals. Missionaries, bigoted and therefore foolish persons, and others, lose no time nor opportunity to express their fears that the Indian youths have great conceit, want of belief, and utter disregard to the feelings of others, &c.; that, in short, they are becoming worse and worse. The statement is correct, as showing the truth of the proverb 'Knowledge is power.' If the native youths find that the Europeans whom they are told to look upon as their superiors in knowledge, learning, morality, &c.,—in short, in everything,—are not better than they themselves are, why should they respect the latter? If the missionaries avowedly insult the understanding and the common-sense of their hearers, as we are sorry to say they do, why should they not be paid in their own coin?

The only reason why these educated youths do not make their voice heard here, is their neglect of the history of India. The want of this study leads them to think that the British rule has been actually productive of the good ascribed to it. But our native press is honestly working to check this indifference, and to expose, from loyal motives, all the abuses that constantly crop up. The time cannot be distant when our educated youths will come forward to vindicate their rights.

It is very important therefore, for Englishmen to hear with patience our complaints, and to pay very great attention to their quick redress. England cannot afford to lose India, and it is beyond question that the English cannot maintain themselves in India against the will of the inhabitants. There have been many apologists for the most scandalous policy of annexation, not established, for indeed it was there already, but carried to perfection by Lord Dalhousie. We have read nearly all that has been urged in his favour, and our calm opinion is that the natives of India cannot believe, although the British public naturally will espouse the cause of their countrymen, that the justifications alleged have any foundation in justice; nay, they will go away with the bitter reflec-

tion that what is injustice in their judgment is pronounced to be justice by their British rulers.

When such apologists are appointed Secretaries of State for India, the natives of India are prepared to predict what will happen. Hitherto English faith has been nothing better than the *Punica fides* made so much of by the Roman historians. The effect of thus deliberately disregarding the complaints addressed to our rulers by us is not difficult to see. The present position of England is far from firm and secure. What with the powerful Americans insisting on the Alabama and other claims—what with the secret enmity of the German Empire towards her people—what with the savage Russian waiting anxiously for a golden opportunity to pounce on India,—England, when her trials begin, will be in an utterly helpless state. Her navy, army, and people will be powerless against superior odds; and then, when it will be too late, the evil consequences of pursuing a selfish policy towards India will be bitterly felt. But if, as we hope, notwithstanding slight misgivings, justice will be dealt to India; if Her Majesty's Proclamation of 1859 to all the inhabitants of India, notorious now for being more a dead letter than anything else, will be adhered to unflinchingly—if all the prevalent abuses will be swept away, be they perpetrated by Europeans or Asiatics—in short, if the English will only do for us what was done by the ancient Romans for their forefathers (and, indeed, it is a great shame to England that, even after the lapse of fifteen centuries, her sense of moral justice is not so acute as that of ancient Rome), then will England be saved in all her trials—then will India, with a population of 200,000,000 millions, leave no stone unturned to help her in her difficulties. May the day of this new policy come soon, for when it comes it will be a blessing to both England and India.

A HINDU.

'FROM THE ALTAR TO THE BAR'

III.

DIVORCE! He had said it; even in his dreams he had spoken of it coherently, and with his mind clearly reconciled to the idea. There was evidently no reluctance on his part. He had in a singularly concise manner asserted his intention and his reason for forming it. To repeat his own words, 'a separation would be of no use'—could not marry again—'No! it must be a divorce!'

I was certainly very frightened at the first rumblings of what I then imagined was the coming storm. Divorce! what a dreadful word, I thought! How awful a punishment to be led into a public court and accused before the assembled crowd of the most heinous of offences; to have your greatest secret published; your inner life exposed to the public gaze; cut adrift from the only individual who in any way was bound to protect you against the storms and tempests of life. To be *un-married*; put asunder! Divorced! Dreadful, I thought; dreadful. I was much concerned.

So, scarcely had I terminated my honeymoon, when my husband sought to rid himself of me by the convenient agency of the law. His promptitude could only be explained in one way. His debts had been paid, and I was no longer of any use to him. When we were married, my husband had represented to me that he was much hampered by pecuniary obligations, to discharge which a large sum of ready-money was necessary. 'Now' he said 'I have an excellent appointment, with a splendid salary; splendid, at least, provided there were not so many pulling at it in every direction. No sooner does the first of the month come than my creditors' stationery literally descends upon my unfortunate head like a fall of snow. White bills, yellow bills, and blue bills, the first two sorts can be easily consigned to the waste-paper basket; but when the respectful request of the white, and the mild yet resolute remonstrance of the yellow has produced no response, the stern, uncompromising, sometimes minatory blue document makes its appearance

and refuses to be trifled with. "Now or never," it says, "Your money or your life." Now you perceive at once by a single glance at the writing table to what an alarming extent the cerulean tint predominates at present in my monthly correspondence, and you can therefore imagine how very limited my own available resources must be when these sharks have been satisfied. If, however, they could be at once discharged, the whole of my large pay would be free for us to live upon. It is in your power to do this for me if you like, and I shall consider it my duty to repay to the account of your legacy any sum you may assist me with now.'

In a weak moment I consented to do so. A large portion of the 5000*l.* left me by grandpapa was drawn out, the bills were paid, the major pocketed the receipts, and then he began to find me a bore. How was he to get rid of me? In the quietest, easiest, and most respectable (heaven save the mark!) manner. His unscrupulous mind soon hit upon the Divorce Court, that necessary evil of the nineteenth century, that inevitable product of a society which, when marrying and giving in marriage is so vilely rotten as to estimate excessive treasures of the purse and place seventy times as highly as those of the heart. But to obtain a divorce, he well knew he must be prepared with evidence of a somewhat deeper dye than he had in his possession as yet. The manner in which he endeavoured to procure this evidence, my diary, which I now resume, will show:—

'Gupacamund, November 1st.

'A slight movement on my husband's part brought me back to a sense of my position. I moved across the room as lightly as possible, and reached the door without disturbing him. As I ascended the stairs I was scarcely conscious. Horrified at my doom, awakening to the dread reality of this sad and miserable marriage, I was experiencing the first bitter fruits of having smothered my own feelings, likes and dislikes, affections and hopes, at the shrine of the matrimonial commerce. Where now was the truth of the doctrines I had once heard in favour of these abominable "*marriages de convenance*?" Was I at least in an "indifferent state, if not a happy one?" Was I easily overcoming my girlish dreams and acquiring that love for the creature I had married which I had been assured by certain kind friends would gradually come after marriage? Had I found in carriages and servants, in silks and satins, in position and style, any enjoyment for the love I had lost, for the cold, specious life I was leading? No!—a thousand times no! I had had no peace, no indifference, no happiness. My life had been a dreary existence. Cared for by no one, though I had purchased a lover. Caring for no one, in spite of my purchase. Solitary, hopeless, repentant, plagued by remorse, I had had no recompense, no compen-

sation. I was paying a penalty—a heavy and, perhaps, a life-long penalty of misery and shame.

‘I reached my room, and throwing myself on the bed, tried to be calm and collected. I lay on my back, and fixed my eyes on the ceiling. Suddenly the punkah, that had been quiet so long, gave a slight, uncertain movement as if it had been accidentally touched. Then it was still again; nor was there the slightest sound. I was in an excited mood, and the merest trifle was sufficient to alarm me. Why, I thought, was the punkah moved in such a mysterious manner? It could not be the punkah-wallah, for if he was awake he would not dare to neglect his duties, and if asleep, he would have no control over the rope. Who, then, had moved it? Who was in the next room? I resolved to see, and had just risen from the bed for the purpose when there was a slight rustle at the door, and, as I thought, a scarcely audible footstep on the stairs. I rushed forwards and glanced down the passage. I thought I saw the tip of a white coat disappearing into the dining-room, but there was still perfect silence. I went to the ante-room adjoining mine, in which the punkah-wallah lay. I gazed in; there was the man coiled up, as I had expected, and fast asleep. It must, then, have been a fancy, I thought, that motion of the punkah, and returned to my own room. This time there *was* a sound, plain and distinct, in the dining-room. My husband was speaking. “Eh? Who the deuce — what;” and then some one answered, “Hush!” and whispering followed. In a minute or two the light was put out, and I only had time to re-enter my room when I heard footsteps ascending the stairs. When the major entered the room he made no exclamation of surprise at seeing me still up, although the night was far advanced—a fact which at the time struck me as curious, for, of course, he knew that, in the ordinary course of events, I should have been in bed and fast asleep at such a time. He quietly sate down, and, adopting his favourite attitude by crossing his arms and stretching out his legs in front of him, said:

“‘You’re doubtless aware that you were seen this evening driving from the band with Captain Finesse?’”

‘I was silent, being anxious to know more, both how he had heard it and what he was going to do in consequence, for I was growing wondrously knowing in my conjugal diplomacy.

“‘Do you really love that man?’ he continued.

“‘It would be idle for me to deny that I have cared for him.’”

“‘No, no! that is not the point. The question is, do you care for him now?’”

‘Irritated by his composure and unconcern, and losing control over myself for a moment, I replied, “Well, then, if you must have it, I do. I can’t help it. I try not to think of him, but it is useless; he seems to be

continually being brought to my notice. I cannot help it if you make me provoke you."

"Provoke me!" he remarked, with a sardonic smile. "No, you must learn to comprehend my meaning better than that. If you love him, it is a great pity you are not married to him, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"His frightful indifference and horribly suggestive manner galled me to the quick. What could he be meditating? He went on:

"Of course you will say, 'I am married to you, and there is an end of the matter;' but I don't think so. If you love Finesse, it is a pity that so much sterling, disinterested affection should be thrown away and hidden under a bushel by your remaining Mrs. Graspall. 'Finesse' is far the prettier name. There's a great charm in variety—at least, you seem to think so. Why not become Mrs. Finesse?"

"I was rapidly becoming inoculated with his supercilious *abandon*. "In order that there may be a second Mrs. Graspall, I suppose," I replied, with all the bitterness I could command in that terrible moment.

"Pray don't become satirical. We shall never understand each other if we are to try who's best banterer. I entreat you, for your own sake as well as mine, to look at the matter dispassionately and calmly, as I do. You are rather young, it is true; but that gives you an advantage in another way—you've got so much more time before you than I have, in consequence. You little puss! you have the pull of me there. With your good looks, and the present loving capacity of your heart, you ought to find no difficulty in getting on in life; but with me the case is different. It is all very well for you to talk in that flippant manner of the next Mrs. Graspall, but I should like you to show me where she is likely to be found first."

"Perhaps you would like me to introduce you to her before we part," I said.

"It would certainly be a kindness on your part. But, seriously, as we neither of us care a jot for each other, as you are so far in love with your old love that you kiss him in broad daylight in my drawing-room, and drive about with him in my carriage the same evening, it seems to me that our present relation towards each other is pre-eminently a false one. Moreover, it is a state of things that cannot continue. In a small place like this it won't be allowed to continue. You will find to-morrow that the news of the fresh scandal will be all over the cantonment. The Maitlands will hear of it from their butler when they send him out for fresh vegetables and any stray gup he can pick up. They will immediately communicate it to the Hawleighs, the Boreleighs, and the De Ponsonby Chorleighs. Miss Sauerwein will hear of it before tiffin; and if her bullock cart does not drive up just about that hour, in order that she may procure her information on the subject from the fountain head,

I am very much mistaken. Under these circumstances, and bearing all the facts of the case in mind, it really seems to me that, as you and Finesse are so devotedly attached to each other, and as in any way there must be a scandal now, that the best thing you can both do is to really give some grounds for one, and mutually arrange for your future without delay, leaving me out of the question altogether."

'Was he absolutely in earnest? Could I believe my ears—that the man for whom I had given up love, life, and money was speaking to me in this plain, business-like manner of my elopement with another before our honeymoon was over? Impossible! Such an entire obliteration of all proper feeling and chivalry could not exist in any man who called himself a gentleman. But I was wrong. I had hitherto had the simplicity to imagine that I could read a man's disposition by half-an-hour's conversation with him in a drawing-room. Before my marriage I used to think that the other sex was not half so proficient in the art of acting as ours is. I used to believe my hero, for instance, if he told me with a mild air of sanctity, while sitting next me in a ball-room, that he disapproved of men and women sitting next each other in church; and I did not know then that two hours afterwards he would probably be playing the *roué* to the life in the wildest vortex of London dissipation. But so it is. Such a whitened sepulchre is our modern society, that if a man has money, knows half-a-dozen lines of Tennyson, and keeps his hands in good order, your modish mamma plants him with pleasure by her youngest innocent's side, fresh though he be from the air of Alsatia.

'But I was more unsophisticated then, I could not believe it likely, nay possible, that my husband could be serious in what he had just said. It was the sort of thing one read about in a sensational novel, almost an attempt at what is technically known as "Collusion." Quite dramatic! Alas; of truth and fiction I had still to learn which was the stranger of the two.

'I did not therefore answer him. I was anxious to stop the conversation, and although he rambled on for some time longer on the same theme, frightening me once or twice by his emphatic earnestness, and the apparent intention with which he spoke of it, I still tried to think the whole thing a jest—a dismal joke to try and frighten me into banishing Finesse for ever from my thoughts. He was soon asleep. Not so I. My heart beat so fast, and my mind was such a race-course for the fleeting ideas which helter skelter rushed through it, that sleep was out of the question. I lay and looked through the spaces between the Venetians at the glimmering stars, silent sympathisers, beacons of hope, so soon to fade away and leave me to face the return to care and sorrow, perhaps ruin on the morrow. Happy hour of the Indian night! when the afflicted earth has a little mercy from the cruel blaze of day. That

short—too short hour—when the soil has cooled from the sunset glow, nor felt as yet the dreaded lash of Sol renascent.

‘Yes! My husband was right. On the morrow the leech-like tongues of the scandal-mongers would be at work. My poor little lost love would be their victim, till now cherished fondly and reverently in my own bosom, shielded valiantly from every rival, was to be snatched from its resting place, and tossed about by the local “pests of society,” the gatherers of Sorrowpore gup. But it must nevertheless be borne. It was necessary to forget Finesse; no matter how hard the trial. He would still live in the station, it was true. The consciousness that I was *near* him must be my only consolation for the future, and beyond that he must be dead to me. I must never speak to him again—never see him, think of him, love him more.

‘I went to sleep and—dreamt of him.’

‘November 2nd.

‘The new day broke. The day which was marked with the reddest cross in my life’s history. The great rude blazing sun came hurrying back to the land it loves, unwelcome visitor, as punctually as ever.

‘“What, awake already” said the major as he turned out of bed at six o’clock! “Ah, you young people! Sleep or no sleep it seems to be the same to you. Faugh! Bah! This water is hotter than ever.”

‘He was soon dressed and ready for his ride. “Have breakfast early this morning,” he remarked to the butler, as he passed on his way to the garden. I was glad when I heard the sound of his horse’s hoofs rapidly disappearing on the road to the barracks.

‘My experience of Major Graspall had been that of many and many a girl, the victim of a similar marriage. He was one of those men whose lot it is in life to be denied the faculty of perceiving any poetry in even the most important event in life. There was not a grain of romance in his nature—that is real romance. He had an obscure idea of what it was like, of course, and used it to advantage whenever he had a suitable subject to deal with. But he simply used it, looked upon it, as a commodity which fetched its price with some weak-minded people, and which he therefore kept in stock for such customers of his as might require it in the course of his business—in other words, of his life. The proper vocation of such men, I have always thought, is trade. Their only object in life seems to be to try and drive a bargain, as hard a bargain as they can, and for this purpose they make use of everybody who comes within their reach. Trade, of course, does naturally number in its ranks many of them, and when there they are least objectionable, for they then come to you duly marked and docketed, and you know at once with whom you have to deal. But there are besides, many others of undoubted commercial proclivities who, either by the

force of circumstances or their own wilful obstinacy in fighting against their destiny, have managed to escape their appointed vocation. These men sometimes very wrongfully slip into the Church and the Army, and stand behind the altar rails, or on parade, as the case may be, with just the same ideas as to their calling in life, as Dregs, the wine merchant, or Chop, the butcher. Their immeasurable coolness and cunning, combined with an artificial polish which they have managed to pick up in the course of their journey through life, enables them to be welcomed in society whether they are provided with a golden passport or not. They are useful men. Designing mammas are not only satisfied that their daughters will not flirt too deeply with them, but look forward to a word or two of flagrant adulation for themselves, in place of the tribute of honest admiration which they have long since failed to obtain from the sincere, and therefore prefer them to their more honest and disinterested rivals. In due course these clerical and military tradesmen resolve to marry, in other words, to take a fresh partner into the firm. They then divide into two classes,—those with money, and those popularly known as detrimentals, or poor men of good birth. Without one of these two qualifications, they are, of course, inadmissible; but it is rarely that matters come to this climax, for, if a man has not position, he very soon discovers that he is twentieth cousin twice removed of my Lord Broad-acres, and in these mushroom days it does not do to inquire too closely into detail. With money or position, then, the commercial wife-seeker is sure to succeed, and, as he never felt the want of love himself, does not hesitate to place his wife in the same delightful state. Miserable man! the *slave*, not the enjoyer of money; the possessor of a mistress, not of a wife.

‘Breakfast was ready when my husband returned from his ride and galloped in the compound—a most unusual thing on his part—and hurriedly dismounting, met me in the verandah with the words :

‘“They’re off on Monday.”

‘“Who?” I exclaimed.

‘“The 115th, ordered home after all.”

‘“What!” I cried, “to *England*?”

‘“Yes; and now to breakfast, with what appetite you have.”

‘He passed by me, leaving me as pale as a ghost. Then *he* was going, going where I should never see him again or even hear of him. The thought of remaining in that dismal up-country station, or in any other, without him near me, was agonising in the extreme. I felt sick and faint. Of course I determined to get over it and accept my lot, but it was hard, very hard at first. I mechanically returned to the breakfast room, and, seating myself at the table, handed my husband his tea.

“Why, what is the matter with you?” he muttered; “Don’t you see I have helped myself?”

‘I had not seen it; my thoughts were elsewhere. A few moments passed in silence, when my attention was distracted by the butler entering the room with a fresh plate and cup, and laying another place at the table.

“What are you doing?” I said; “Who is that for?” “Finesse!” broke in the major. “He is coming to a farewell breakfast. I met him at the barracks just now; he starts to-night in advance of the corps. I told him I was sure you would like to see him again before he leaves us; and ah, here he is!”

‘Before I could overcome my astonishment at the major’s inexplicable conduct, the big dragoon, handsomer than ever, had lounged in triumphantly, and was seated once more at the same table with me.

“How do?” he said to me, with an easy familiarity, but a world of meaning in his eyes.

“Quite well, thank you, Captain Finesse,” I replied, as distantly as possible, whilst I stole a look at my husband’s face. He was gazing intently into his plate, and the wicked mouth wore its wilful calm as placidly as ever, so suggestive, as it was, of the depths of cruelty and wrong within. Noticing the awkward silence, he looked up and said:

“Well, Finn, my boy, you’ll get a run with the Pytchley yet. Lucky dog! while I’ve got to broil out here—unlucky dog! What’s the steamer of the 5th?”

“Oh, Mongolia, I think,” said he, gently pressing my foot under the table, which I at once removed from his reach.

“Mongolia! Fine boat, splendid boat; I was in her three days once. Jolly captain, jolly officers, jolly-boat—don’t sleep in the saloon, that’s all;” answered the major, breaking the shell of another egg.

‘I could not understand my husband’s behaviour at all. Here was the man whom he had discovered, only the day before, in his drawing-room, kissing his wife, seated at his table, and received all the same as an honoured guest.

“Why, what’s the matter with the saloon?”

“They always stow the children there,” replied the major; “and some people don’t care for children, that’s all,” he added, happening to glance in my direction as he spoke.

“That’s rather a bore,” said Finesse, paying rather more attention than usual to my husband’s observation, “I’ve taken a saloon cabin.”

“How is it you go, by the P. and O.?” I enquired. “The regiment goes in the troopship, doesn’t it, and don’t you accompany it?” I saw him visibly change colour. He looked as if he didn’t quite know what explanation to give.

‘My husband came to his rescue.

‘“Officers on the sick list, unfit to do duty with troops, are sometimes excused a troopship voyage,” he said.

‘“By-the-by, I’ve got to be at the barracks by twelve; you must excuse me, Finn, if you’ll be so good. Ada, keep our guest to tiffin; don’t let him be running away. Well, good-bye, both of you. Bon voyage, mon ami.”

‘He was gone. Little did I think then that I had breakfasted with him for the last time.

‘I turned immediately to Finesse. “Why are you here?” I said. “Did I not implore you to avoid these meetings,—these miserable, hopeless, wicked meetings?”

‘“I was invited by your husband,” he replied, in a tone of injured innocence. “He told me you would like to see me once before—before—we were—separated.” His voice quivered audibly.

‘“Oh, God! of course I do; but it is no use. It only makes the parting harder. You should not have come; indeed, you shouldn’t.”

‘“I could not help it. A summons from you, even in the shape of a whisper in your dreams, is to me law. I must obey.”

‘“Then leave me now! You are driving me mad. Oh, heavens! why am I afflicted thus? Why tantalised, why tempted, till flesh and blood rebel? What, what have I done?”

‘“You have married a man for whom you do not care,—a man whose disposition and nature are utterly opposed to your own,—a coarse, vile, entirely masculine character. You were intended to be the ruler, not the ruled; to reign supreme in your husband’s heart, not to supply his purse; to have your slightest wish forestalled, your every fancy gratified. In him you have a master; in me a slave. His desire is to live by means of you; mine to live for you. This is the difference,—this the reason of your misery and despair.”

‘“Cease,” I cried, “for pity’s sake! You know not how my mind is racked. Oh, God help me!”

‘“Dear Ada, be calm. Listen to me, trust me as you used to trust me in dear old England, in the happy days gone by, and I will advise you for the best. In the first place, look upon me as a friend, a friend whose only care in life is to secure your happiness. Have confidence in me, not fear of me. Remember that, however a man may be hardened in after life, his first love is always the key with which to reach his heart. My heart is at your feet. Tread upon it, if you will; crush it, kill it. It is there, nevertheless; and while it draws one breath of life it still will love you, work for you, slave for you, willingly die for you. Say you will believe I’m your friend in what I am saying to you.”

‘I was silent; half in dreamland, and yet conscious that I was listening

to what I ought not, but held completely in thrall nevertheless, and almost powerless to resist. I still felt, however, that by a tremendous effort I might yet overcome his influence, though I did not think the proper moment had arrived for making it.

"Silence gives consent," he continued. "Now listen to me. What hope is there for you in the future? What prospect of relief from misery as long as your life lasts? Your husband will never alter now, except to grow harder, colder, and more mercenary than he is. There will never be any union, bond, or mutual pledge of affection between you. He will laugh at your confidences, despise your fancies, and tread upon your tenderest feelings. You will be all alone out here, without a friend to confide in; for you know as well as I do what amount of sympathy and constancy may be looked for from Anglo-Indian society when you happen to be under a cloud. Words fail me to describe sufficiently the loneliness and misery of your future life here. Is not what I say true? Can you see any single ray of hope to cheer you on?"

"None at present; but ——"

"Shall I draw another picture?"

The hot blush suffused my face. I knew to what he alluded. My temptation was indeed beginning to overpower me. Though I ought to have forbidden it, I couldn't; my tongue seemed tied. He took my hand in his, gently, kindly; he raised it to his lips, and our eyes met once more. Oh, ecstatic moment, when we both lived indeed in the present!

"With me," he went on passionately, "you will live a life of love! Our old youthful dreams will be actual realities. We shall live in each other. My son will be yours, your daughter mine. In a happy home in our native land, near the well-remembered scene where first we met, we shall experience the delights that were only visions when there before—now glorious, thrilling, maddening realities!"

"And oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this!"

"Oh Arthur, Arthur!" I moaned, "spare me! tempt me not! We must still hope; hope for the future. No, not yet, not yet! I cannot betray my husband."

"Your husband! Oh, Ada, if you only knew him as thoroughly as I do. But no, you see him through the deceptive lens of a wife's so-called 'duty.' 'Duty!' how is it not abused! To many a tender, shrinking wife it is nothing less than 'slavery,'—a slavery which a generous man will not permit his wife to submit to, but which too many husbands, and yours notably so, absolutely require,—a slavery which, if not at once resisted, increases invisibly year by year. Be not mistaken in him; he

is a man of no principle or honour—a man simply bent on benefiting himself, at any cost, at the expense of others. Believe me, if he could turn a dishonest penny by your death he would not hesitate to kill you, if necessary, by inches."

"No," I said, making a last effort to defend him whom I had sworn to honour, "I will believe no such thing. My husband may not love me, but he would defend me in my hour of need, I know; defend me, if necessary, Arthur, from the false, alluring tongue of a false friend."

"Read this, then!" he exclaimed excitedly, hurriedly drawing an undirected letter from his pocket. "Read, and see what the devotion of your miserable partner is worth. Read! I would have spared you this, but you would not."

'With a faltering hand I took the paper, and read as follows:—

"Sorrowpore, Nov. 1st.

"Madam—You will doubtless be surprised to receive this communication from the hands of Captain Finesse, but as it may be of much use to you at a moment when you may not care to be interrupted by a third party, for the purpose of acquainting you with my views on the subject of your leaving Sorrowpore with him this evening, I have thought it best to let him deliver it to you at what he considers to be the best moment. If you feel at all inclined to accompany him, I entreat you not to hesitate on my account. You must feel by this time what a farce it is our pretending to care for each other. We never did; our marriage was not what is generally known as a love affair at all. Like hundreds of others in the present day, it was one of mutual advantage. This being so, I do not scruple to write plainly, and to tell you that I am too poor a man to let slip this opportunity which you have given me. I hope you will at once acquit me of any sentimentality in the matter when I tell you that my simple object in recommending you to leave Sorrowpore to-night is that I hope to benefit by such an act on your part in a pecuniary way. There is, or soon will be, a scandal about you and Finesse; as this is inevitable, I must have something to compensate me for the loss of *prestige* in having married what the world calls a frisky wife. Such a benefit can only accrue to me by a fresh marriage for money; of course this would be impossible whilst you are Mrs. Graspall, and I therefore propose that I shall repay you £500 of the £3,500 you advanced to me last month, and that with that sum you and Finesse should make the best of your way to England, whither I will shortly follow, and arrange with some experienced solicitor for a nice quiet respectable divorce. The proceedings shall be instituted by me, and as you will not oppose my application, in six months' time you will be again free to marry

Finesse if you think fit. I may add that if you stand in my way now, and elect to remain here, your life will not be a particularly pleasant one, as far as I am concerned.

• "WILLIAM GRASPALL."

'The letter dropped from my hands. In that moment my whole nature seemed changed. I was delirious—reckless.

"Ada! darling Ada! Are you mine?" he said.

"Yes! Ha, ha! Yes; yours or anyone's—body and soul!"

'The next moment I had fainted in his arms.'

[*To be continued.*]

WHAT THE QUEEN'S SHILLING BUYS.

BY AN EX-PRIVATE HUSSAR.

THE question of the hour seems to be how are soldiers to be procured? and while every one who knows—or what is the same thing, pretends to know—the whole interior economy of our recruiting system, its weakness and its wants, offering suggestions how the first should be remedied and the other supplied; I am struck by the total absence of practical knowledge which the writings of many of these individuals display, when endeavouring to handle the subject of enlistment. In theory, each of their schemes is admirable in itself. On paper, armies are formed and distributed throughout the country, commanded by officers who could mass each fraction of the host upon any point of the coast in twelve hours, completely equipped for a long campaign. Notably among these agitators are civilians, who, by their own showing, can know nothing of the matter which they criticise or attempt to criticise, but who depend more upon the loudness and frequency of their talk, than the weight of their arguments. For instance, A considers that the purchase system—which, by-the-by, has nothing whatever to do with recruiting—is the sole cause of that lack of military ardour existing among our agricultural and town labourers, our mechanics, and our clerks. B, on the other hand, puts all down to what is now styled ‘Pothouse enlistment.’ C blames the low pay given to the soldier, and D says we don’t bid a high enough bounty. Now, believing that ‘the cobbler should stick to his last,’ I, a practical soldier for about the last quarter of a century, am of opinion that these writers do not understand the subject of recruiting sufficiently to give an opinion thereon; while I may know something about it, having served over three long apprenticeships to the profession of arms, and I consider that it is neither purchase, pay, public-house recruiting, nor the poorness of the bounty, which keeps good men out of the ranks; the true cause being principally due to the general ignorance among the working classes of the really good pay, lodging, clothing, and recreations which soldiers enjoy while serving, together with which is combined the supplementary benefit of a life-pension on discharge.

Doubtless a little of the unpopularity of the service is owing to old

traditions connected with the Peninsular war, when to supply our armies with men, the gaols and workhouses in the kingdom were drained to fill up the ranks. And some of the existing ill-feeling to soldiering among civilians might be traced to men unsuited by vice or ill-temper for any position. Those possessed of good abilities, but who find that they could no more do as they liked in the Army than they could out of it, have vented their spleen in the public papers of the day; giving therein grossly overdrawn descriptions of barrack life. That soldiers are far from being saints I will readily admit, as well as that some of their language would not be tolerated in a drawing-room. But, on the other hand, I as stoutly deny their being half as black as they have been painted by those, who, had they possessed but a spark of soldierly feeling or pride in their profession, could never have written such libels upon their comrades. If the conversation of most young men, when congregated together, was put down in writing, I much doubt if it would be found greatly in advance of the barrack-room talk; and therefore I claim for soldiers, that as a body, their conduct is quite as good and as moral as any class of men could be who were placed under similar circumstances.

As I have already stated, however, the chief reason for the antipathy which those in civil life have to the Army, may be safely attributed to ignorance. The barrack-life of the soldier; his daily toils and trials; his recreations and enjoyments; nay, even his most common habits, are as unknown to the general public, as if their brothers in the ranks were the inhabitants of another sphere instead of living among them. Nor is this so much a matter for surprise, when we think of the high walls and prison-like appearance of most barracks, which are sealed repositories to civilians; sentries at the gates barring all entry, as if their main duty was to prevent enlistment instead of fostering it. But for such and similarly useless restrictions, the customs of the Army now-a-days would have become better known and consequently more popular than either the police or post-office services, to both of which, in my opinion, it is far superior.

By these means the soldier has come to be pitied and looked down upon by the rest of his fellow-men, commiseration or contempt in his case being alike undeserved or required. He is, as a rule, not only better fed, clothed and lodged than either policemen or postmen, but he enjoys privileges to which they are strangers. He may have a couple of days' leave weekly, and is, besides, entitled to a month's leave annually. Whether on leave, or sick in hospital, his pay goes on as if he were at duty. His daily work is far from being fatiguing—in fact, is but sufficient to keep him in good health; and he has not only plenty of excellent, wholesome food to eat, but he has this well cooked, and takes his meals at regular stated intervals. In all barracks now there are baths, in

addition to the ablution rooms, where he can wash himself. At his club—the canteen—he cannot only procure drink cheaper and better than he can elsewhere, but the profit arising from the sale of the beer is used to lessen the price to him of tobacco, butter, and other luxuries, causing a reduction to him of about 20 per cent. in the purchase of those articles; so that two shillings goes as far in the canteen as half-a-crown would do outside in the town. At the gymnasium, under qualified and efficient instructors, he can learn to fence or box, to leap or run; and should his tastes lie in quieter amusements, there is the reading-room open for him, with its billiard and bagatelle boards, its games of chess, draughts, and backgammon, and its regular supply of the daily and weekly newspapers. In addition to all this, there is a good library in each regiment, where he can be supplied with books of every kind, which he can take with him to read in his cot in the barrack-room.

Having thus sketched lightly the privileges and other advantages which are open to every soldier, I will now direct attention to his pay. As however, the daily pay varies in the Army—the Household Troops, Army Service Corps, and Artillery, drawing more than the Cavalry, and that arm more than the Infantry—I will take the Dragoon's pay as the average, and endeavour to show how much better off he is in every respect than most labourers and many mechanics, both of whom, it must be remembered, seldom enjoy fifty-two working weeks in the year. Recruiting should be conducted upon the same principle as any common description of business; the Government requiring men to act as soldiers, just as our farmers want labourers to till their fields, merchants clerks to keep their accounts, or shopkeepers assistants to sell their wares. In the case of the farmer, the merchant, and the shopkeeper, each publicly informs those that they are about to engage the amount of remuneration they (the employers) are willing to give for the services of the others, and is simply a bargain which both parties hope to benefit from. But by some strange fatuity, our Government neglects to do what the other competitors for labour—the farmer, the merchant, and the shopkeeper—effect: it never fully describes the equivalent given to those who agree to serve it faithfully for twenty-one years. Appealing to the eye and the ear more than to any of the other senses, it aims to secure a sufficient supply for the demand by such aids as drink, music, and fine clothes give. It attacks the worst passions of men, and when successful, is astonished to find that the seed thus sown should bring forth and blossom into such fruit as drunkenness, desertion, and insubordination. We may as well expect thistles to bear grapes. Years ago, when a soldier's pay was only sixpence per diem—and he was cheated out of a portion of that—one can understand why a certain amount of reticence was necessary, and that, while the large bounty, honour, and glory

should be paraded well to the front, the small wage should be kept well to the rear. But now, when a private's pay in the Artillery and Cavalry ranges from about eleven to fourteen shillings a week—and in the Army Service Corps and Household Troops considerably more ; that, in addition to this, he is well lodged and comfortably clothed, found in coals and candles, has the best medical advice procurable provided for him, reading and recreation rooms open for his amusement or improvement, and last, though not least, is allowed to retire upon a comfortable pension while he is yet in the prime of life—the necessity for such procedure is gone. This annuity, representing the interest of three hundred and sixty-five pounds at five per cent., is paid to him monthly, quarterly, or yearly, as he may wish, and in any part of the world nearly where he may choose to take up his abode.

I have not mentioned yet the chances which every soldier has of promotion to the rank of sergeant or sergeant-major, with the accompanying pensions of two shillings and half-a-crown a day respectively. Neither have I put forward the possibility of getting a commission, the chances against which are lessening every year ; nor have I touched upon the amount a soldier can easily save, even as a private, while serving. With regard to the former, it would astonish most people were a list published of officers now living who have been promoted from the ranks ; and I may further add that such a document would be of immense power in forwarding a better knowledge of the advantages which the Army opens to the intelligent educated classes as well as to agricultural labourers. And with respect to the latter—the opportunity for saving—those who run down the occupation of the soldier will be rather astonished to learn that a private of Cavalry could put aside in twenty-one years, easily, £255. 10s., which with interest would in that time amount to about £300. This, remember, would still leave him two shillings and eight pence a week to spend.

Let us look how this matter stands. A Dragoon when he joins has eighteen pence a day, which, by good conduct, though he still remains a private, he can increase to two shillings. Of this he has to pay for food and washing daily eight pence, for which he receives one pound of meat and one pound of bread, tea, coffee, milk, vegetables, pepper, salt, etc., at a cost of as under :

1 lb. of meat or mutton, and 1 lb. of bread ...	4½ pence.
Tea, coffee, etc.	1½ „
Vegetables and milk	1 „
Washing	1 „

8 pence.

This leaves the recruit five shillings and ten pence per week to spend,

which, to a youth of 18, is far from being an illiberal allowance. Then as he gets his rations, etc., for less than one half of what they could be purchased for were he in civil life, we may honestly add five shillings and ten pence more to his pay weekly, and if to this sum we add four shillings for lodging, fuel, and light, and two shillings and sixpence for clothing, boots, etc., sixpence for medicine and medical attendance for the like period, it will be seen that what a young soldier really receives weekly is at least one pound three shillings and fourpence in the cavalry, while he can eventually draw one pound six shillings and ten pence, or about £62 and £69 per annum respectively. I have not taken into account here what I have already mentioned, viz., the undoubted advantage a soldier has of purchasing his beer from the canteen at a reasonable price, while the profits of the ale and porter go to cheapen other articles that he consumes, such as butter, tobacco, etc. For instance, the latter is retailed one penny an ounce less than it is sold at outside the barracks, potatoes one-third less, and other things in proportion. Then, now-a-days, a soldier, so long as he knows how to behave himself, has the *entrée* into a style of society that probably he could never have aspired to had he remained a civilian.

Now let us see what work a soldier has to do in return for his pay, and the other advantages he receives while serving. First, he has to learn his drill, and, when that has been accomplished, his duties may be summed up to a guard once a week, a drill every other day, and, if in the Cavalry or Artillery, to attend stables thrice daily. To do this much he has to get up at 5 a.m. in summer and 6 a.m. in winter, cleaning his horse and drawing forage for the first hour and a half. Then he has an hour to breakfast; then riding for a couple of hours, either to drill or exercise; then stables till 1 p.m., after which comes dinner. If there is a drill in the afternoon he goes to that, and, as it only lasts an hour, he is back in his barrack-room by 4 p.m. Tea (or the supper meal) is at 4.30 p.m.; stables again from 5 to 6 p.m.; after which he is his own master until 10 p.m., when the '*Last Post*' sounds. Should he want to stop out longer he has only to apply for a pass, an indulgence that is never refused to the well-conducted man. Life in the Infantry is still more easy than this, with the accompanying disadvantage of one shilling and nine pence less pay weekly than the Cavalry receive. Still, it must be allowed that an Infantry soldier is far better off, not only than the policeman or postman, who receive only eighteen shillings or a pound per week, but has a preferable life to the footman or groom, whose wages are not more than £26 a year and '*all found*,' as it is termed.

As for day labourers, there is as much difference between their lives and that of a soldier as there is between the latter and that of a pauper; and it has always been a mystery to me how men could be found who

would willingly slave for eight or ten shillings a week, when they could get much better pay, and superior treatment altogether, by enlisting. I can remember, in 1857, when marching from Birmingham to Wales, being billeted at Ledbury in Herefordshire. Standing in the afternoon outside of my billet I heard a smart young fellow complain to a farmer that he had only been paid one shilling and sixpence for *two days' work*. 'What the mischief do you want?' was the coarse answer to the complaint; 'you only began work on the morning before yesterday at ten o'clock, and I'll only give you half-a-day's pay for it.' I thought then, as now, how much preferable soldiering was to such an existence. Some years later, at Newbridge, I was witness to a similar incident; but I need go no further than the daily papers for examples of what I allege. In one now before me, the 'Telegraph' of the 10th February, 1870, the following appears:—'Groom wanted for horse and chaise, and to make himself useful in the house. Wages 5s. per week, with board and lodging. Apply &c.' In the same paper for the 3rd February this year, a gentleman wants a lad, eighteen years of age, who can 'clean plate, wait at table and valet;' to which is added, '*Wages 14s. a week, and nothing found.*' And these are not solitary cases; day after day advertisements appear for workhouse porters with salaries from £15 to £20 per annum, with board and washing, as also attendants in lunatic asylums on the like liberal terms. Clerks and shopmen—smart, intelligent, active young men—willingly give their services from 8 a.m. to 8 and sometimes 10 and 12 p.m., for £40 and £50 a year; while there are hundreds—I may say thousands—who, unable to get employment at these rates, are supported in idleness by their friends, a misery to themselves and a burden to others. Yet each and all of these would think it a descent in position, if not a disgrace, to enlist, simply because they are ignorant of the great opening a military life affords to a young, intelligent, well-conducted man, irrespective of the advantages of pay, position, and pension on discharge.

This dislike to the service is, as I have said, partly due to ignorance and partly to the traditions of the last century, for it is little more than a hundred years since magistrates and others were empowered by Act of Parliament to *press* as soldiers, 'Such able-bodied men as do not follow or exercise any lawful calling or employment; churchwardens and constables to be employed in searching for and securing able-bodied men, and to receive a reward of £1 for every man they pressed, and sixpence a day for every day they kept a man in confinement; none to be exempted from the operations of the Act but persons who have a vote for a Member of Parliament, and labourers during hay and corn harvest.' So in those days young men were seized, sent to the nearest garrison town and forced to be soldiers against their wills, and to prevent the possibility

of escape sent off immediately to a regiment abroad. 'This unnatural conscription (says George Penny, a writer of the period) rendered men callous to the yearnings of humanity; no appeal was listened to; the unfortunates were seized and sent off without a moment's notice, although in many cases the heads of families, or the sole support of aged parents.' And it is through such practices in times long past that the public have continued to believe and look upon the Army, either as the national sewer into which the male refuse of the country falls, or as the refuge for the destitute ne'er-do-weels of society. That this opinion is a wrong one, I will further endeavour to prove by facts alike indisputable as to the present well-to-do condition of the soldier, as those of a century back, which show how low his state of existence was then.

When our regiment returned from the Crimea, in 1856, and was joined by its depôt, the strength of the corps was over 1100, and as this was much above even its war footing, an immense reduction had to take place. First of all, volunteering was opened for three regiments going to India, then a return was called for, from the captains of troops, of the men they would like to have discharged, and by these means about 500 were got rid of. But as we were still over the strength¹ an order was issued that any men who wished to have their discharge from the service were to send their names in to the orderly-room for that purpose; the commanding officer meaning to select from the list those most unqualified to serve, for discharge. The order was duly read at the head of each troop on three successive parades, and then only *one* (a sergeant about to purchase but for this order) of 637 men in the regiment took advantage of the privilege, a plain proof that the service fourteen years ago was preferred to civil life by over six hundred soldiers who had tried both. Of the men who were compelled to leave, numbers re-enlisted into other corps the following year, when the Indian mutiny broke out and soldiers were again wanted.

My next fact is, that three-fourths of the soldiers when their first term of enlistment expires, re-engage again for the remaining period to make up twenty-one years, while the greater portion of the other fourth, after tasting the comforts of a civilian's life for two or three months, re-enlist either into their old corps or a fresh one. Can anything, I ask again, be more conclusive of the benefits which a military life confers than these facts? I have spoken to many who have gone away and returned, and their unanimous testimony all went to support what I now advocate—viz., that even a private soldier is immeasurably better off than any man out of the Army whose earnings do not exceed a guinea a week.

But this is not all; for if we look into that part of military statistics

¹ All cavalry regiments were reduced from eight to six troops at this time.

relating to desertion,¹ we shall find that nine out of every ten men who return and are tried for this crime, *were not apprehended, but surrendered themselves*,—giving themselves up willingly, knowing before they could again reach the platform of existence they had so easily left, that a long and severe imprisonment punishment was before them; and yet they come back and face all in order to regain their former position of soldiers. Again, the number of men whose friends purchase their discharge from the service yearly is great, yet more than one-half of these are known to join again; and so well aware are all military men of this fact, that soldiers' friends have been always advised not to purchase any one's discharge for this very reason.

It is a great mistake to fancy that soldiers would either commit crimes to get out of the service, or hail with satisfaction an order which would place in the hands of commanding officers the power to discharge incompetent, insubordinate, or incorrigible characters. And yet I fully believe that such a power in the hands of colonels would prove of incalculable good to the service at large; for there are in each troop or company two or three men—who are always in trouble or in hospital—that could be well spared, both by their country, their corps, and their comrades. If the Government were to put all regiments on the same footing as the Household Troops are in this respect, and publish, in a cheap pamphlet form, the many advantages the Army now holds out to young men, the present distaste for the service would soon disappear from among civilians. And this would not be all; for with such a state of things, the service would be more eagerly sought after than either the police or employment in the post-office by clever young men, who would see that through the ranks were the paths which led to permanent preferment of far greater value than they could ever otherwise hope to reach.

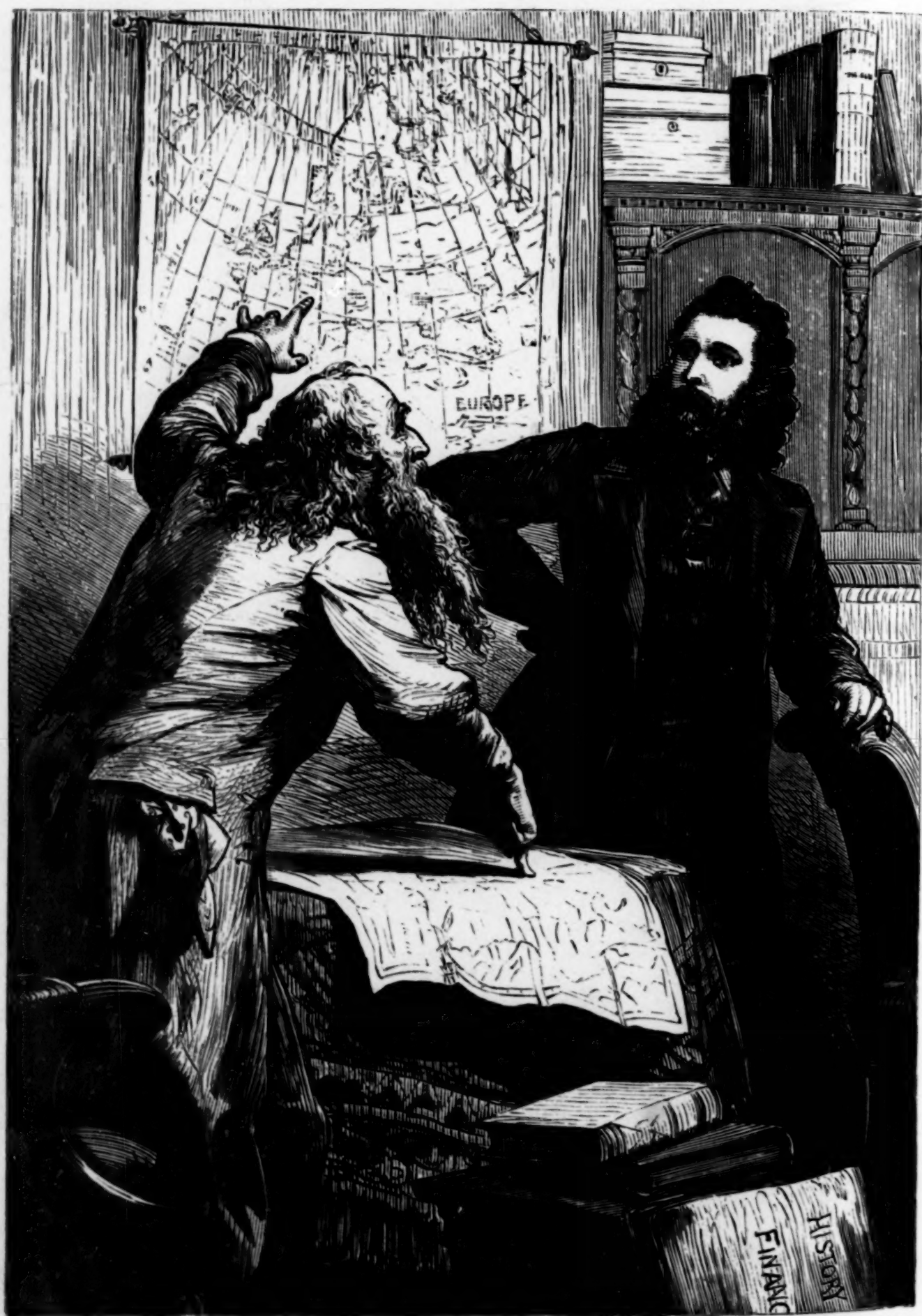
When I joined the service, there was nothing like the advantages in it

¹ Surgeon-Major Tuffnell, the medical officer at the Military Prison, Dublin, states in his last report: 'The subject of desertion in the British Army requires notice, because in an experience of prison life, extending now over many years, I have been constantly struck with the appearance of men sentenced for desertion, whose military bearing seemed quite opposed to the idea of quitting the service; and in consequence of the remarks made in the House of Commons, and through the press from time to time, upon the unpopularity of the Army as a field for livelihood by the lower orders, being evidenced by the number of desertions from its ranks, I have, during the past twelve months, ascertained from each man coming in under sentence of court-martial for desertion, his reason for leaving the regiment.' In an appendix Dr. Tuffnell gives, in the precise language of the men themselves, their reasons for deserting; and from this table, which can be relied upon as thoroughly correct, it will be seen that only five men in seventy-seven had deserted because they disliked the service. Recklessness, women, and drink, with thoughtlessness of the consequences of the act, influenced, more or less, the other seventy-two; from which it will be easily perceived that soldiers, as a rule, are fond of a military life.

then that there are now ; yet had I my life to live over again, I should select a military career before any other ; and it is with a hope that I may help to clear away some of the cobwebs which for years have covered up from civilians the real truth of what a soldier receives, that I have ventured to pen these lines. Those advantages, I confidently believe, need only to be well ventilated ; and should Government, as I have humbly suggested, publish a small comprehensive pamphlet at a low price, and in it enumerate in detail the benefits which a military life affords to either the labourer, the mechanic, or the clerk, the results would—to use the language of theatrical managers—be ‘a tremendous success.’ The labourer would gain, not only an increase of pay, superior education, a healthy physical training, and hold altogether a better status in society than he could ever have hoped to do, but he would be going on for a pension of at least one shilling per diem, which, if he enlisted at eighteen, would allow him to retire on it at thirty-nine, still a young man, and capable of undertaking duties which he would never have dreamed of aspiring to had he remained in his former position of a day labourer. The mechanic, by enlisting into either the Army Service Corps or the Artillery, can nearly depend upon getting extra pay if he chooses to work at his trade ; and, being better educated than the day labourer, has a more certain chance of rising in the service. The same remarks apply to the clerk, who, if he chooses to evince an equal amount of steadiness as would keep him in an office, can as surely calculate upon promotion as upon the daily rising and setting of the sun.

In conclusion, I beg again to urge that all bad characters, or men fond of hospital, should not be tolerated in any corps—they should be simply discharged ; and that those once discharged could not re-enlist. I do not mention what a prevention such a device would be to desertion, for if a man deserted he ought never be allowed to serve again. If this measure was adopted we should soon feel a permanent benefit in our military prison expenses—in the number of courts-martial, and in the cost of recruiting. So far as the last is concerned, I believe that we would soon have no need for a recruiting staff at all ; the Army, like the Irish constabulary, would become so popular that there would always be a number waiting to fill regimental vacancies as they occurred. The Government have power to make the trial I have suggested, and there being so much to gain and so little to lose, I sincerely hope that what I have here stated may be put to the test.





DRAWN BY D. H. FRISTON.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

‘JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.’